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BEWARE OF FOREIGN TRAMPS.

PAT RIOT. "Ah! you innercent Bridget, darliut, sure it's not a starvation of food that throubles us, *but it's money we're afther.*"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1880.

BACK NUMBERS.

Owing to the extraordinary demands of new subscribers, the back numbers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, BAZAR, and YOUNG PEOPLE are for the present entirely out of stock. Subscribers who have ordered back numbers of these periodicals will receive them as soon as they can be reprinted.

☞ *With this issue of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers will receive No.* 11 *of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *a beautiful and attractive journal of Sixteen Pages, richly illustrated, and containing a great variety of interesting reading matter.*

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GUBERNATORIAL COMPLIMENTS.

THE urbane interchange of civilities between the retiring Governor of New York and his successor was an amusing commentary upon the tone of the canvass. During a canvass it seems to be thought necessary to stigmatize all opponents as conspirators and criminals from whom it is indispensable that the State should be saved if liberty is to survive. Blackguardism is called vigor, and lying passes for cleverness; and when all is over, and the hyenas have been defeated, and victory perches upon the banner of the tigers, the course of affairs proceeds as before, and the loudest of the orators would wink if you congratulated him upon the escape of the State and the country from the awful peril that he declared to be so imminent. There is no reason whatever that the tone of Governor CORNELL'S address to ex-Governor ROBINSON should not be the key of political discussion between the parties. The Governor said that his retiring predecessor had fearlessly exercised his prerogative, and had given his administration high rank with those that had preceded it, and he asked to congratulate him upon the honorable record, and cordially to wish him continued health and prosperity. This tone was becoming, and the assertion was perfectly true. Ex-Governor ROBINSON has been an honest and fearless magistrate, and the welfare of the State and of the country has been in no more danger from him than it will be from his successor. To hold any other opinion is to suppose that popular government has failed, for it is to believe that half of the American people who are attached to the Democratic party are enemies of the country, and desire its ruin.

It will be well to remember this little episode at Albany when the rigors of the Presidential campaign of this year begin. It is time that our politics were lifted out of the revolutionary rut which compels parties to denounce each other, not as sustaining an unwise and doubtful policy of administration, but as seeking the overthrow of the government itself. There are very radical differences between the parties in character and principle, in composition and tendency; differences of spirit and intelligence and tradition, which are powerful political elements, and which will determine the election of this year. These are legitimate differences, and they are fair subjects of discussion. But it is not legitimate, because it is not true, to allege that the peaceful continuity of the government depends upon the success of this or of that party. Party spirit is fierce enough without that kind of stimulus, and it is a method which necessarily prevents the discussion of policies which it is the very object of elections to determine. Obviously, if the government itself is threatened, any opinion or preference upon any question of administration must be postponed to the question of the existence of a government to administer. If, for instance, in this country the "rebel brigadiers" have been long secretly cherishing plans of vengeance, and are now conspiring to obtain possession of the government in order to scatter the navy and paralyze the army, knock the bottom out of the Treasury, and break up the Union in anarchy, there is plainly but one possible issue in 1880, as in 1864, and every patriotic American will agree that finance and reform and tariffs and economy must all wait until the conspiracy is suppressed. But is that really the situation? Does anybody seriously believe that this is the ground upon which Republican success must be sought? It is, of course, the ground upon which every corrupt jobber and all kinds of rings and rascals would prefer to conduct the canvass; but fortunately they are not the American people.

It is perfectly true that there is a great deal of smothered ill feeling, a tradition of the war, and that it is found wholly and only within the Democratic party. That is one of the sound reasons for opposing the success of that party, but it is no reason whatever for asserting that Democratic success would be the triumph of a new rebellion. There have been rascalities and rings in the Republican party, but it is ridiculous to argue that Republican success would mean the victory of rascals. The Republican party will be properly judged by its latest administration, and that will hardly be accused of open or latent rascality. If our politics had indeed become merely a question of greater or less knavery, is it supposable that the interests of honesty would be securer in the hands of a cipher and GARCELON party than in those of their opponents? Is there any reasonable question that the people of this country believe that honest finance, non-interference with industry and business, progress in reform, and peaceful international relations are more probable under a Republican than a Democratic administration? These are a sufficient platform, and the abandonment of these legitimate questions to raise a cry of wolf is an unmistakable sign of conscious weakness. "It has given me peculiar pleasure," said Governor CORNELL, "to avail myself of the present occasion to bear testimony to the conspicuous fidelity with which my honored predecessor has discharged his official responsibility." If ex-Governor ROBINSON had been President, would the words of his successor have been less applicable? The ex-Governor's party is to be opposed, not because it is plotting to destroy the government, but because, however honestly, it would not administer it upon the principles which Republicans approve.

THE PEOPLE AND THE POLITICIANS.

IN a trenchant article upon "One of the Reasons," the Greenfield *Gazette and Courier*, a leading paper in the western part of Massachusetts, denounces the spoils system as one of the chief reasons for the increasing rancor and peril of our elections, and adds:

"Now it is to change this system that makes campaigns so bitter, introduces such frauds, furnishes such temptations to cupidity, and such inducements to abandon principle, that a reform in the civil service is demanded. To this the country will surely be driven. Thousands are becoming confirmed in the idea that the quicker we remove wrong motives of action, the better off we shall be. They demand a change, believing that the permanence of our institutions depends in a great measure upon it. They say, 'Let those offices that go by appointment be given to those individuals who best merit them, the merit to be shown at a rigid examination, and not to Tom, Dick, or Harry because he is a relative or favorite of a Congressman, or because the Congressman wants to pay his backers for supporting him.'"

The *Gazette and Courier* holds that the change must be effected by the combined action of Congress and the Executive, and as the member for its own district, the Tenth District of Massachusetts, "will have a voice in this matter," it says, emphatically, "We should see to it that our candidate is not only a believer in civil service reform theoretically, but one who will take off his coat and become a champion of it." This is the true spirit and the true method, and the fact that in an important district a leading Republican paper advocates it, is one of the good signs of the times.

The question of administrative reform is one which "politicians"—by which we mean those who live by trading in politics and offices—will ridicule and avoid as long as they possibly can. It is emphatically the people's reform. Governor CORNELL, in the address to ex-Governor ROBINSON, of which we speak elsewhere, said:

"For a long time it has seemed to me that we are quick to find fault with public men, but careless in expressing our appreciation of faithful service. Perhaps more careful discrimination in this regard would contribute quite as much to elevate our public service as some other remedies which have been suggested for present evils."

It is the party ferocity produced by the spoils policy which causes this fault-finding. Public men and officers are vilified by those who greedily covet their places; but when the public good sense ordains that non-elective places shall be filled by proved merit, the elective offices will be filled by conspicuous ability and character, and the detraction which can gain nothing will not care to gnaw a file. The way to promote a higher appreciation and fairer criticism of public men is to abate the fury of party spirit, and that can be done in no way so practically, surely, and swiftly as by the reform of which the *Gazette and Courier* speaks. Mr. EATON, in his admirable and valuable work upon the English civil service, alludes to the instinctive opposition to reform on the part of the technical politicians. The hope of official plunder is their capital. SWIFT'S bigger fleas had smaller fleas to bite 'em. The larger office-holders or office-expectants make a great noise in the campaign. They hurry to get up clubs, and to hold meetings, and to advertise their activity in every conspicuous way. They obtain a following by lavish promises of giving places if they can secure their own places. And this little ring in every district, inspired solely by the expectation of a place and its salary, determines the party policy, which the great good-natured body of the party is expected to ratify by its vote, or else "connive at the success of the enemy."

These little selfish rings in every district, bound by no other principle than the spoils, many members of which shift their party allegiance according to the prospect of success, compose the party organizations of the country, and form the body-guard and army of the spoils system. Their line will be broken at some point, and only in the way indicated by the *Gazette and Courier*. The conviction and desire of some constituency will become strong enough to break the machine in its district, and nominate and elect a member of Congress who will be a champion of reform, as Mr. BAYARD is a champion of honest money, or Mr. KELLEY of the silver dollar, or Mr. DE LA MATYR of inflation. The impetus must come from the independent Republican press, and the action from the voters at the primary meeting, like every step of progress. The politicians never originate and never lead; they are devoted to feathering their own nests. Public movements, real measures, the progress of the country, and the development of our political system, owe nothing whatever to them. They resist and sneer until acquiescence and co-operation are necessary to "save their salt." This body of political middle-men and brokers who have usurped the practical management of parties, and who are the sore of our politics, springs from the spoils system, and lives by it. Wound that, and it is maimed. While the practice of the great offices in New York proves the perfect practicability of reform, the taunt of the politicians that it is visionary becomes ridiculous. The contest is between the people and the political traders known as politicians, and in such contests the people generally succeed.

HOW A FRIEND SPEAKS OF US.

IT is a significant fact that Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT, who are not only the two popular chiefs of the Liberal party, but two thoroughly representative Englishmen, turn with such enthusiasm and admiration to America. It is the more striking because the head of the British government and the spirit of the present administration are so un-English. *The Bystander*, the new Canadian monthly review of observation and criticism, of which we speak elsewhere, says, with a trenchant vigor which will be felt to be as truthful as it is satirical:

"A new member once rose to address the House of Commons, 'very showily attired, being dressed in a bottle-green frock-coat and a waistcoat of white of the Dick Swiveller pattern, the front of which exhibited a net-work of glittering chains; large fancy-pattern pantaloons, and a tie, above which no shirt collar was visible.' That costume translated into a foreign policy now dazzles all whom nature has made susceptible of such influences."

The glamour of this dazzling waistcoat has not been dispelled as yet, and while its wearer is pushing a "spirited foreign policy" in Afghanistan and South Africa and Cyprus, it is startling to hear the firm, clear, English voice of JOHN BRIGHT raised in praise of a republic which has no foreign policy whatever, in the European sense.

Upon the return of Mr. T. B. POTTER from the United States there was a meeting of welcome in the Rochdale Town-Hall, and Mr. BRIGHT made a speech, which has received a great deal of attention and censure from the anti-Liberal press. The speech is a good illustration of Mr. BRIGHT'S oratory, which is exceedingly impressive, from the solid tranquillity of his action, and the singular simplicity and directness of his style. Although often colloquial in tone, and apparently free from rhetorical elaboration, no public speaker is more scrupulously careful in the preparation of his address, and none is more effective. Mr. POTTER confirmed in his speech the conviction expressed by Mr. GLADSTONE, in his "Kin beyond Sea," that the United States will probably take from England the palm of commercial supremacy. He said that America was advancing upon England with gigantic strides, and although the American tariff was "a monstrous anomaly," yet he thought that Americans themselves were becoming ashamed of it. Mr. BRIGHT, however, was more considerate. The circumstances of the two countries were very different, and although he thought our tariff "barbarous," yet the question of free trade in England when the Corn Laws were repealed was one of food. Our question is only one of revenue, and the conflict of interests is naturally more prolonged. When the orator came to speak of the points of contrast between the two countries he was constantly cheered. The royal personages to whom Europe pays so great and often such deserved homage were unknown in America. The army in that happy country is but 25,000 men, and it is maintained neither to wage war abroad nor to suppress liberty at home. Yet no country upon the globe is more respected. There are no political treaties in that favored land. They have no bishops in their Senate, no government Church, no land monopoly by an aristocracy. The foundations of the independence of the republic were laid by the folly and tyranny of the British king and his ministers. Do the crowned European heads which are in love with great armies and the discontent which they produce ever ponder the inevitable results of their policy?

It is a rosy picture which the great orator paints. But it is well to see how we appear to friendly foreigners who mould the opinion of their countries. The ideal which they describe, the America at a distance, becomes itself an inspiration to make it the actual America close at hand. It would be a most patriotic beginning of the year to read JOHN BRIGHT'S speech, and resolve that the country shall deserve all the good things he says of it.

GOVERNOR CORNELL AND THE SITUATION IN NEW YORK.

GOVERNOR CORNELL'S Message was anticipated with curiosity and interest. It proved to be a plain, concise, business document, confined wholly to State affairs, and without a word of politics. It was as shrewd as the selection of his military family. All its suggestions for legislative action were sound, and will doubtless receive careful attention. The first recommendation of the Message is that of a commission fairly representing the agricultural, commercial, and other material interests of the State, to perfect a plan for the consideration of the next Legislature, providing for a system of taxation more equal than the present one. The Governor points out that enormous values of property now escape taxation, thus imposing unjust burdens upon a portion of the tax-payers. The Governor favors the supervision of the county jails by the State Board of Charities, and he states strongly the necessity of increased provision for the insane poor. He recommends the eligibility of women for the school boards, and advocates, as was peculiarly fitting in the son of EZRA CORNELL, the highest practical advance of the school system. As a Commissioner of the Capitol he strenuously opposed the erection of the building upon its present scale, but as it has been so nearly completed, common-sense requires that it be finished as soon and as advantageously as possible. Upon the question of railroad transportation, the Governor holds that freight tariffs should be uniform for like service, without discrimination between citizens and communities. He favors a registry law for incorporated villages, as an increased safeguard of elections, and a carefully matured and simple excise act he holds to be very necessary. Many of the suggestions of the Message are merely hortatory, but all that are specific are judicious.

It remains to be seen what the general policy of the CORNELL administration will be. Fortunately the Senate, which is associated with the Governor in important appointments, has significantly shown its independence. It was very well known that the Governor favored the "machine" candidate for Clerk of the Senate. But the Senate decisively differed, and intimated to all concerned its sense of the impertinence of any interference with its choice of its own officers by selecting the gentleman whom the "machine" opposed. This action is a wholesome warning. It is approved by the Republican sentiment of the State, and should unwise counsels lead to improper nominations, such as that of Mr. SMYTH for Superintendent of Insurance, it is to be hoped that the Senate will refuse to consent. Whatever claim Mr. SMYTH may be supposed to have upon official persons, he has none upon the people of New York or upon the Republican party, to both of which bodies the Senate has a very great responsibility.

The circumstances of Governor CORNELL'S nomination and election have been supposed to foreshow—to use a forcible phrase that was heard in Albany on the day before the organization of the Legislature—that "the machine means to smash things straight through." Such an intention, however, if entertained, was checked by the action of the Senate, which, in the current talk of the capital, "gave the machine an awful jolt." Senator CONKLING'S influence is supposed to

be very great with the Governor, and Senator CONKLING's policy is "thorough." But the State of New York is a very large State, and if the party machine was never in so perfect order as now, there was never so much and so general political independence. Every strong and vigorous assertion of the obligation of the Republican party to use its great power of appointment irreproachably, upon grounds of the public welfare, and not upon a theory of party advantage or personal profit, will be most gladly welcomed and sustained by the Republican and other people of the State. The power of the machine is great, but so is the party weariness and protest. The danger to continued national Republican ascendency lies more within the party than without.

SENATOR GARFIELD.

THE election of General GARFIELD as Senator from Ohio has been greeted with universal satisfaction by the Republican press. The new Senator is a man not only of ability, but of trained ability, a student of history and politics, a legislator of large experience, and a man of the highest character. In the important debates during his service in Congress he has always taken an important part, and his leadership in the House has been uncontested. He is a man of strong Republican convictions, but he is very much more than a mere partisan, and the Republican force in the Senate will be greatly strengthened by his appearance. Most of the Republican Senatorial leaders are acceptable to some "shade," or "element," or "wing," in the party. But General GARFIELD will attract all kinds, and repel none. The Republicans of Ohio have done wisely in promoting him, and so securing a Senator who is thoroughly conversant with public life, and with duties which can be most efficiently discharged by a combination of experience with special capacity. This was a secret always known to the Southern States, and which secured them great advantages. General GARFIELD will make his own place in the Senate, but it will not be easy to fill the place that he vacates in the House.

HOW TO BE CHARITABLE.

THERE are forty-eight chances in a hundred that the beggar who asks charity upon the street is an impostor. We do not say this to furnish a selfish man with an excuse for hurrying on. On the contrary, there are fifty-two chances in a hundred that the woman who says that she is near starving, really is so, and that if you hurry by her, or affect not to see and hear her, you are pushing her to despair and ruin. It is the very thoughtlessness which gives as the easiest way, and the very skepticism which refuses to believe in actual suffering, which multiply misery and poverty and crime. Giving to the beggar on the street is as often selfishness as charity. It is an attempt to avoid trouble in the shortest and easiest way. But not to give is not only to blunt the human sensibilities, it is to starve and to break the heart of the suffering.

This is the dilemma of thousands of persons in every town and city every winter day. If they give, they know that they may injure the community; if they do not give, they know that they may starve the innocent and helpless. The thing to do, then, obviously, is to give wisely. But how can this be done? The reader of these words is very willing to give wisely, but how is he to know what is wise giving? He is accosted by a dozen applicants. He sees and knows that they are more or less miserable. But he can not possibly ascertain the merits of each case. He must give or withhold at a venture; and on the whole he will yield to the humane feeling, and he gives. The result in forty-eight cases of the hundred is that his money goes over the counter of the next rum-shop.

Now it is this precise situation which has produced the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, which is under the management of many of the most eminent citizens of New York. This society, whose office is at 68 Bible House, furnishes forms which will secure prompt inquiry into any alleged case of destitution and suffering. The busy man who arms himself with these can give one of them to the beggar, and be sure that the necessary investigation will take place, and that his alms will not be wasted. It is only by some such system that the charitable benevolence of a great city can be made to help instead of harm both the giver and the receiver. But this plan is for those only who are seeking an excuse to give or not to give. It does not touch the necessity or the incalculable value of that personal intercourse and sympathy with the poor and the afflicted which is the very soul of charity. Street alms-giving is another matter.

"THE BYSTANDER."

INTEREST in so important a neighbor as Canada is curiously slight in this country, and there is very little general knowledge of Canadian affairs. The personality of Lord DUFFERIN and of the Princess LOUISE excites a certain curiosity, but nothing more. Even the talk about possible annexation, or reciprocity, or customs unions, is heard with languid ears, like the discussions of the Indian question when there has been no massacre or war. This is a singular and surprising fact, because our Canadian neighbors speak generally the same language, and are sprung largely from the same race with ourselves. The English-speaking element is dominant in Canadian civilization, as it is on our side of the line. The Dominion is also practically independent of the mother country, and it has the quality of character in the population which, if the Union is ever to be enlarged beyond its present limits, it is most desirable to include.

The attention of intelligent observers will be drawn to Canada afresh, however, by the promise of a modest little periodical, the first number of which has just been issued at Toronto, and which is felicitously called *The Bystander*. It is devoted to comments upon "Current Events, Canadian and General," and shows the Bystander to be a singularly sagacious and well-informed observer, watching events with a thoroughly trained eye, and recording his comments with a firm, vigorous, and practical hand. Indeed, *The Bystander* contains some of the maturest and most admirable political criticism that the English press, daily or weekly, offers.

In speaking of the situation in the United States, *The Bystander* says that the best citizens resign themselves with sadness to the probable Presidency of General GRANT, because of the return which it implies to courses and men that "wasted the immense heritage of Republican victory, and tore half the laurels from the victorious general's brow." *The Bystander* praises his simplicity of character and freedom from illicit ambition, and adds: "His re-election would probably end in his Presidency for life, the good part of which would be the respite which it would afford from factious strife, while the bad part would be the indefinite retention in office of his highly undesirable friends." The Canadian critical observer proposes to comment upon literature as well as politics, but upon books as events and landmarks in the history of opinion, and generally from the Canadian point of view. The modest but self-dependent new-comer will certainly command an attentive audience as long as he chooses to speak, and his first essay is the most notable of its kind in Canadian annals.

STUPIDITY.

MR. MILL's saying, that although all conservatives are not stupid, yet all stupid people are conservatives, is renewed in another form by a recent remark about BURKE and Lord BEACONSFIELD. The secret of his lordship's political success, says Mr. FREDERICK A. MAXSE, is likewise that of BURKE's common popularity. It is his defense of the stupidity of the country. BURKE was the most unpopular man in England when he defended a just cause like that of the American colonies. His renown began, says Mr. MAXSE, when he deliberately justified the average prevalent stupidity of the country. When he told England "to cling to prejudices because they are prejudices, he was immediately and for evermore placed in England's highest niche of fame."

This is very biting; but undoubtedly there is a certain fame to be gained by echoing a popular prejudice. BURKE in his *Reflections*, and in many of his later works, gave the most splendid and imaginative expression to the average British feeling. It is upon this principle and practice that the supremacy of the London *Times* was built. It is conceded to have been greater under Mr. DELANE than ever before, and Mr. DELANE had but one purpose—to hold every morning a mental mirror before the average Englishman. John Bull saw his outer face when he looked into his shaving-glass in his dressing-room, and he saw his inner face when he looked into his *Times* at the breakfast table. The paper echoed his prejudices, supplied arguments for them, and with the finest rhetoric represented them as tough old British virtues and principles. BURKE in the same way thundered magnificently the general British horror of the French Revolution, and TOM PAINE answered him, with his own magnificence, "He pities the plumage, and forgets the dying bird."

This was but a part of BURKE's power, however, while the art of appealing to the same kind of stupidity is the secret of the success of many a politician. TALLEYRAND's *Surtout pas de zèle* is simply the advice of a courtier to all who would rise at court. Swim with the current; hold the general opinion; don't be odd, or "cranky," or queer; consider the tender-footed brethren, and go slowly. This is conservative advice, and it is in strict obedience to this that the aspirant who heeds TALLEYRAND conciliates stupidity. WILLIAM GODWIN said that the Catholic Church reposed with implicit confidence upon the ignorance of mankind. The art of many a politician is to rely with the same trust upon its stupidity. Lord BEACONSFIELD has risen upon the applause of Jingoism. But what is Jingoism but the very stupidity which MILL had in mind? Mr. MAXSE is in error, however, when he implies that justice is never popular. If Lord BEACONSFIELD is popular because he defends the stupidity of the nation, Mr. GLADSTONE is as popular for a very different reason.

PAPER PROSPERITY.

ARTEMUS WARD said that it would have been ten dollars in JEFFERSON DAVIS's pocket if he had never been born. It would be a great many dollars in many pockets, and a great clearing up of many confused brains, if the last issue of the "Rhode Island Historical Tracts" could be read and meditated by every American who thinks that paper is money, and that inflation can have any other end than disaster. Judge ELISHA R. POTTER, the distinguished son of a distinguished father, published a pamphlet more than forty years ago, telling the story of the experience of his little native State with paper money. This pamphlet has just been re-issued, enlarged and extended, by Mr. SIDNEY S. RIDER, the publisher, who has the largest collection of the old paper currency, and whose enterprise in the publication of this valuable local historical series is very successful.

The colony of Rhode Island began to issue paper money in 1710; and five years later it issued "banks," which were not bills for the supply of the Treasury, but sums to be loaned upon interest on mortgage security for a term of years—which is the precise plan of some of the modern paper financiers. These "banks" were issued for every kind of purpose: to repair a fort; to enlarge a jail; to equip a war ship; to build a pier; and, when other reasons failed, to increase trade and encourage business. The issues entered at once into politics. Elections turned upon the question of a new "bank," and the inflationists, then as now, often carried the day. The currency, of course, depreciated frightfully. The credit of the colony was shaken. Trade declined, and business revulsion followed. The public morals were tainted by the open want of public faith, and counterfeiting added to the worthlessness of the paper. The severest penalties were decreed against counterfeiting, even the penalty of death; and the neighboring colony of Massachusetts by heavy pains and punishments prohibited within her borders the circulation of Rhode Island money.

In 1750 many of the best citizens petitioned the King for redress, and Parliament forbade the colonies to issue paper money without the consent of the home government, and provision for redemption. The "banks" ceased, but with British consent Rhode Island still emitted bills of credit. During the Revolution the State ordained that the paper should pass in all transactions at par with specie. Business, of course, gradually ceased, when the deposit with a judge of the amount of a debt in paper money was enough to liquidate the debt. This disgrace aroused the public sense of shame, and the laws that authorized cheating were repealed. This interesting and attractive small quarto tract of 229 pages is illustrated with many specimens of the old rag money, one of which is a genuine bill neatly inlaid. Many of the earlier numbers of the series of tracts, of which this is number eight, are now out of print.

PERSONAL.

WASHINGTON is regarded as one of the most agreeable winter residences in the country, especially for Senators, who, assured of a six-years' stay, usually take a house, and live very much as they do at home. Among those who keep house in Washington are both the New Jersey Senators. Senators EDMUNDS, of Vermont, and THURMAN, of Ohio, stay at the capital most of the time, and are great cronies. Although radically opposed in politics, they have always maintained a close personal friendship. Senator CONKLING formerly kept house, but now lives at Wormley's. Senator BLAINE lives in his own house, and dispenses a generous hospitality. Several members of the House, who have sufficient wealth, are housekeepers, and give dinners that would be deemed delightful by the most experienced and exacting diner-out of any country.

—We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. KNOEDLER & Co. for the photograph of MUNKÁCSY's renowned painting of "Milton dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughters," now in the Lenox Library, New York, from which our engraving on page 57 was made.

—On Saturday evening, January 10, Mr. J. AUSTIN STEVENS gave a reception at the rooms of the *Historical Magazine*, in Lafayette Place, in honor of Mr. J. W. FORNEY, who is about to establish his weekly journal *Progress* in this city, conjointly with its publication in Philadelphia.

—Mr. E. C. STEDMAN, our banker-poet, has recently taken his son, Mr. FREDERIC S. STEDMAN, into partnership. He is a young gentleman of excellent business capacity, is highly esteemed in banking circles, and can not fail to make his way.

—The Children's Carnival, to be given February 9, at the New York Academy of Music, in aid of the building fund of the Western Dispensary, promises to be a festival of unusual attractiveness. All the arrangements will be under the direction of Professor CARL MARWIG, the originator and composer of children's carnivals in this country. The programme will include tableaux, dances, processions, etc., performed by a large number of children, members of Professor MARWIG's private dancing classes, whose parents have granted them permission to take part in the festival. The Carnival will be followed by a grand ball for adults, to be opened with "La Madrillina," danced by ladies and gentlemen in Spanish court costume.

—A very graceful as well as a very proper act was performed by President HAYES, some four months ago, in offering to ex-Governor McCORMICK a diplomatic appointment, as an expression of his appreciation of the valuable services rendered by Mr. McCORMICK in his conduct of the American Commission at the Paris Exposition. It is perhaps unfortunate for the country that Governor McCORMICK's business interests compelled him to decline this very flattering offer. As a journalist, as Governor of Arizona, member of Congress, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and Commissioner at Paris, Governor McCORMICK exhibited capabilities that would have secured for him distinction as the representative of the United States at any foreign court.

—In recognition of the valuable legal services which the Hon. CLARKSON N. POTTER has for several years past rendered to Union College, saving to that institution over $250,000, the trustees have resolved to devote $5000 out of the Nott Trust Fund to found a scholarship in Mr. POTTER's name. Not only has Mr. POTTER, with his proverbial generosity, refused to accept any pecuniary compensation from the college, but has been one of its most liberal benefactors.

—Hon. JOHN W. FOSTER, United States minister to Mexico, has just returned to its capital, after having visited nearly every State composing the confederacy—a fact which has never before been accomplished by any of his diplomatic predecessors from this or any other government. His reception by the different State authorities, and the social courtesies extended to him, were of the heartiest character. His speeches were received with enthusiasm, and everywhere there came to him expressions that showed the growing good feeling of Mexicans toward the United States. Of all the ministers who have represented our government in Mexico, probably no one has so thoroughly informed himself as to its resources, capabilities, and the temper of its rulers and people as General FOSTER.

—Speaking of the Hon. JOHN A. GARFIELD, a distinguished legal gentleman—ex-Chief Justice WELCH, of the Ohio Supreme Court—said: "I have in my mind's eye a man of our country who in many respects is like GLADSTONE. I mean General GARFIELD. I consider him in many—indeed, most—respects quite his equal."

—English royalty has at last come to the United States for beautiful adornments, and acknowledged our superior taste in the appointment of Messrs. TIFFANY & Co. as "Jewellers and Silversmiths to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales." There is no doubt about this, as the warrant for the distinction has just been issued from Marlborough House, and is the first honor of the kind ever conferred upon an American establishment.

—An Episcopal clergyman tells the following: "Not long since I was speaking to my Sunday-school class of the Ascription, which is said at the close of the sermon, when one of the boys spoke up and said, 'Oh yes, I like to hear that, for then I know the sermon is ended.' 'Why,' said I, 'don't you *know* when the sermon is ended—can't you *feel* that it is coming to an end?' 'No,' said the boy; 'but I often feel *it ought to*.'" A good many boys, and a *great many old boys*, not to say some mothers in Israel, are believed to have undergone that experience.

—Bishop QUINTARD, of Tennessee, the brother of two prominent business men of New York, has two boys named for those two brothers. Scene—the bishop's house. Persons—the bishop and his boys. GEORGE (*loquitur*). "Yes, father, I am going to be a clergyman." BISHOP. "ED, are you going to be a clergyman too?" EDWARD. "No, father; I think I had better be a New York merchant—*to take care of George*."

—The munificent gift of the late WILLIAM NIBLO of $150,000 to the Young Men's Christian Association of this city, for a library for that institution, will have the effect to make it one of the best and most useful libraries of the country. Although Mr. NIBLO made his fortune by catering to the tastes of those fond of theatrical amusements, he was known as a man of strong religious convictions, and large and wise charity. He was for many years a member of Calvary Church, and one of its vestry during the rectorship of Dr. HAWKS, with whom he was on terms of close personal intimacy. This, we believe, is the first instance, at home or abroad, where a theatrical manager has left the bulk of a considerable fortune for any such purpose.

—The late ALEXANDER STUART, of this city, widely known for his large benefactions, public and private, as well as for his genial hospitality, lived, as New-Yorkers are aware, in the plain but very comfortable brick house in Chambers Street where he had passed most of his life. A friend of his, in alluding to the fact that his was the only house in the street occupied as a residence, thought it must be quite lonely, and wondered why he did not, as his brother had done, move up town. "Well," said he, "I am used to it here, and shouldn't feel at home elsewhere. I never feel apprehensions of burglars or anything of that sort, for I have for many years every night had a faithful man to sit up in my hall and the lower part of the house, which is lighted. I give him ten dollars a night, so that if I want anything, or anything is wanted in the night, he's always on hand." Certainly a well-paid place. Not too boisterous nor jolly for the man. Opportunity for reflection.

—A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, describing the Spanish nuptials, says that nothing could be more perfect or more imposing than the way in which MARIE CHRISTINE entered the church and went up the aisle to the altar, with her mother on the right and the Archduchess RANIERO on her left. Her movement as she walked was very slow, very graceful, and very majestic, yet at the same time almost faltering, as though she was half afraid to go on and meet her destiny where it awaited her in the shape of the young and not overserious ALFONSO, who stood near the chancel on a raised dais to receive her. The effect was strongly reminiscent of the cathedral scene in *Faust*, when the white-robed Marguerite would fain enter the sanctuary, while Mephistopheles by his potent spell is drawing her back. But in this case we saw no Mephistopheles; her Faust was inside the church, and if the way in which she entered it was art, it was consummate; if it was maiden shyness, it was exquisite. The new Queen is tall, well formed, and exceedingly graceful, but not pretty. But she is young and healthy, and the rough skin may become clear, the florid complexion subside into pink and white, and thus redeem other unprepossessing details. Her eyes look truthful and honest, and their glance is clear and penetrating. Those who have spoken with her say that her dimples as she smiles are charming.

—Late European papers announce the death, in Paris, of JOHN CAMPBELL MACKENZIE, for forty years past connected with the editorial department of *Galignani's Messenger*, and during the past ten years proprietor as well as editor of that celebrated journal. Mr. MACKENZIE was the eldest son of Captain KENNETH MACKENZIE, of the British army, and elder brother of Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, of Philadelphia, one of the best known and most highly esteemed literary men in America. Some ten years ago, after the death of the senior M. GALIGNANI, an arrangement was made with his sole surviving brother which vested a large share of their extensive establishment in the Rue Rivoli (journal, printing-office, library, and news-room) in Mr. MACKENZIE. The property thus acquired may be regarded as one of the greatest of its class in Europe outside of the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Standard*, in London. Mr. MACKENZIE possessed a large and extremely valuable and varied collection of antiquities, curiosities, and articles of virtu, which, it has long been understood, was to be obtained for the Hôtel de Cluny, in Paris, the French government being its purchaser. Mr. MACKENZIE translated several works from the French, the most important of which was the *Life of John Huss*, by ATHANASE COQUEREL. In the year 1871 he published in London a very interesting and unique little volume, a *Diary of the Siege of Paris*, taken from *Galignani's Messenger*, the English paper published in that capital.

THE LEBANON CLUB—NEW YORK WORKING-MEN'S COFFEE-HOUSE.—[SEE PAGE 59.]

ALONZO GARCELON CÆSAR I.

THE RULE OF CÆSAR IS NOT A SUCCESS IN THIS COUNTRY; OUR "*PLAIN PEOPLE*" ARE NOT EDUCATED "*UP*" TO IT.

HEALTH AND KNOWLEDGE.

In nothing has the power of knowledge shown itself so distinctly as in sanitary reform. Every century and almost every decade of the modern period has been marked by some new triumph over the elements of disease. Or if we compare the sanitary history of the cities of antiquity with our own, the contrast is still more remarkable. Plague, pestilence, and famine were the constant visitors of the magnificent capitals that lined the Mediterranean. Even at Rome, in the fair and peaceful days of the Antonines, a pestilence raged with such frightful severity as to carry off thousands in a day, and nearly depopulate the capital of civilization, and there was no period in the history of the city when it was not liable to the constant attacks of violent disease. Its plagues were almost as numerous as its wars. One of the earliest forms of worship at Rome was that of Fever. Often the whole population of the aspiring city were stricken down by sickness, and scarcely men enough left to defend the Servian walls. All the ancient cities were subject to these inevitable calamities. At Alexandria and Antioch men died in swarms like insects. At Constantinople, under Justinian, in a noted pestilence, ten thousand persons, it was said, died every day. Baths abounded; pure water ran in rivers through old and new Rome; the sewers were carefully repaired; yet ignorance, the crowded houses, the narrow streets, the walls, the tainted air, made every ancient city a centre of disease, and the plagues of antiquity swept from the East to the West with a violence unknown to the modern age.

They were surpassed, however, by the plagues of the Middle Ages. Here even the sanitary precautions known to Rome and Athens were wholly forgotten. The people of mediæval Florence and Paris lived like wild beasts in their lairs. The Roman baths, sewers, aqueducts, were never revived. The walled cities became pestilential, like Memphis and Havana. And hence when the Black Death came to Florence, it was attended by horrors of which no modern pestilence has any example. Boccaccio describes the dreadful scenes: the sick abandoned by their relatives; the citizens flying in terror at the sight of each other; the corpses piled in heaps at every door; the noise of insane revelry mingling with the universal woe—a city depopulated and almost forsaken. Paris, London, and all the European capitals showed in their numerous plagues instances of similar inhumanity, and the results of barbarous ignorance. It is with a real satisfaction that one turns to the different conduct of a modern population in a recent plague. No one can have watched without sincere and deep emotion the conduct and fate of the people of Memphis in their recent calamity. They were shut out from the world, blockaded by sentries, inclosed within the hot and tainted city; they bore their calamities with patience; they discharged their duties as citizens and men. The sick were watched carefully, the dead buried with decency. The clergy, physicians, nurses, fulfilled their painful and dangerous offices without a murmur. The nation poured in its gifts upon the afflicted people, and watched with intense sympathy their inevitable woes. In mediæval Florence the clergy fled, the sick were left untended: the barbarous ignorance of the age produced a universal selfishness. At Memphis the precautions of science checked the spread of the disease, and the heroism of self-sacrifice was seldom more signally displayed.

But it has become one of the most important questions of the time whether these occasional plagues can not be prevented altogether, and Memphis and Savannah made as secure from disease as Boston and New York. There is no doubt that science can conquer the plague. The yellow fever was once the scourge of Philadelphia. One of Charles Brockden Brown's finest novels paints the desolate city, its houses closed and abandoned to casual intruders, the sick lying in the streets, the cruelty and carelessness of the hour. This was a real picture in 1800; but the progress of knowledge has brought to Philadelphia pure water, sewerage, more intelligent habits of living, and a general refinement that has made it almost inaccessible to the tropical disease. Arthur Merven would in vain seek for his sombre pictures in the modern city. London was once the favorite centre of typhoid disease, but its new sewers and its various sanitary improvements have made it one of the healthiest of cities. Dublin is one of the least healthy, because it has neglected its natural advantages; New York in summer seems often to invite the foreign pestilence. But it may be safely assumed that history shows the gradual retreat of epidemic disease before the progress of knowledge; that the plagues of the Middle Ages have been driven back from Europe by the slow rise of civilization; the influence of the school and the college has shown itself capable of adding greatly to the security of human life.

It is proposed by recent writers to assail the two chief diseases of modern times, the yellow fever and cholera, in their native haunts, where almost annually they leap like tigers on their prey. The United States Sanitary Board recommends the purification of the harbor of Havana. From Havana, in the summer months, come the seeds of disease. New Orleans, Charleston, and even New York have real reason to dread their pestilential neighbor. But it seems that the unhealthiness of Havana springs from the neglected, miasmatic condition of its fine harbor, and that by a suitable purification the capital of Cuba might be made as healthy as any other tropical town. The suggestion, which is due to the editor of *El Progreso*, a reform paper in the environs of Havana, has been adopted by the other Havana papers, and has excited the attention of our own National Board of Health. It might well excite the interest of all the nations of the West. England, France, America, would all be benefited a hundredfold could they aid in the purification of this centre of pestilence, however large apparently might be the outlay. The commerce of the world is impeded by the filthiness of the harbor of Havana. The poisonous airs that blow over it carry off thousands of valuable lives. No ship can approach it in summer without being tainted; whole crews are sometimes swept away. Yet the Western nations have as yet made no effort to remove this impediment in the way of free trade, more fatal than pirates, storms, or warfare, and the suggestion of the editor of *El Progreso*, if carried out, will prove a signal service to the interests of mankind.

Another scientific assault is proposed upon the native seat of cholera. An English student has spent much of his life in the examination of the broad steaming plains of Hindostan, where the fatal plague seems to linger incessantly, and whence on several occasions it has turned westward with irresistible power, to avenge upon London and New York their violations of the laws of health. The visitation of the cholera in 1831–32 to Western Europe was a triumphal march of the spirit of destruction. It brought with it political discontent, intolerable misery, the sacrifice of thousands of lives. Dr. Arnold, easily disheartened, saw in it the final blow to the prosperity of England. Macaulay, in his letters, describes the terror of London, and the perils of Holland House. The pestilence crossed to New York; the citizens fled from their homes; the Asiatic visitor, bred in the rich fields of Hindostan, by the Ganges and the Indus, was almost as fatal on the banks of the Hudson and the Delaware. The uncleanly cities of 1831–32 invited disease, and promoted its ravages. It came again on several occasions. In 1849 its violence seemed renewed, and the death-rate of New York rose to an unexampled height. But the progress of sanitary knowledge has at last confined the cholera to the cities and caravans of the Levant, and the British camps and native shrines and cities of India. The soldier and the pilgrim are its chosen victims. But it seems that the true cause of the rise of the disease is the impure water used by the crowded inhabitants of the Hindoo villages and cities. The habits of the people have never been softened by the refinements of knowledge, and Hindostan, neglected and hopeless, has become more than ever the source of pestilence. It is proposed to amend all this. It is said that a new system of aqueducts and irrigation can be introduced to change the whole sanitary condition of Hindostan, and that the birth-place of the most terrible of the modern plagues can be made as healthy as an Illinois upland, or a farm in Minnesota.

Knowledge is everywhere conquering disease. It would be well for us in the New World to give our chief attention, for many years to come, to this subject—the most important and the most promising of all. By the exercise of a little discretion and a good deal of firmness the political rulers of New York city might be constrained at least to see that it shall no longer be made a centre of disease in the summer months—a tempting prey for the foreign pestilence. The Southern politician may well turn all his attention to the purification of Memphis and New Orleans. But it is the school that must at last successfully encounter the pestilence. It is knowledge that has made us more secure of life than our ancestors. In the school the family is purified, the household refined. It will be, no doubt, one of the most valuable results of our future system of public instruction that it will teach the common laws of health, and banish the foreign plagues from New Orleans, Havana, and New York.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

OTHELLO THE SECOND.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "COWARD CONSCIENCE," "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THREE YEARS TO-DAY.

It was all over the tattling little town of Westerton the next morning that Mrs. Gordon had eloped with Fred Bevis. It was an indisputable fact, and the proofs were as strong as Holy Writ. Nothing could be clearer than this case, which set the gossips' tongues in motion; the young wife had taken advantage of her husband's absence and fled. Here was one more sad page to the big, bad volume of men and women's lives.

What could I think myself even, after the days had dragged on, and never a word from her or Fred? The silence was that of sin, although my trustful heart refused to be convinced, and my ears were ringing yet with Mary Gordon's parting words.

I saw no more of her desolate husband. I wrote to him once asking if he had heard any news of Mary, and the answer that came back was monosyllabic: "None." It was rumored in the town he was going abroad in search of her, and presently that he had shut himself in his own house, and refused to see his friends, or be tortured by their sympathy with his dishonor. He will recover shortly; he will face the world again, and get the better of his trouble; get a divorce, and a second wife more faithful to him. These were a few of the prophecies current in Westerton; but as time rolled on, I feared for him. It is possible that there came to my own heart even a wish to help him by kind words—never a wish to marry him, I know—and that the picture which the servants drew of his solitary life, his seclusion in the library where the books remained unopened, and he sat staring into empty space, touched me with its hopeless misery. I had loved the man once, I had hoped for his happiness with her he preferred before myself, and his isolation was painful to consider. I had known how proud and susceptible a man he was, and I could guess how the blow had fallen upon him. He would go mad. That was to be the end of the story; there was no chance for him which any one could see, if he took the trouble of his life in that grim, awful manner. Friends sent to him their advice at last, and got no answer from him; they had long since ceased to call at a house where they were invariably refused admission by its master; only one servant in it, even, had an opportunity of waiting upon him; the rest were warned to keep beyond the precincts of his library and bedroom as they valued remaining in his service. He only wanted peace and rest, he asserted: was there any one living who would begrudge it him?

Sometimes the temptation came to me to write him a long letter, to tell him of my last meeting with Mary, and all that she had said; and more than once, as the time went on, and wrought no change in him, it was a temptation almost irresistible. I could not account for it; the words were an idle mockery now, and would but aggravate his pain; and yet, toward the winter again, I found myself sitting, pen in hand, at my desk, resolved to dare the message. There was a story, about this time, that Fred and Mrs. Gordon had been seen together in Dresden, and that stopped me again. One of those busybodies whose faculties lie in remembering faces, and who perforce are men of innumerable mistakes, came back to Westerton to maintain that he had seen them, and there could be no possibility of error. Well, well, it was natural that he should not be mistaken, and so an end to it. Such news as that might stir the misanthrope at The Limes to action, and would surely reach him, after the fashion of such news; but no movement was made by the injured husband, and days stole on imperceptibly toward the well-remembered Christmas-time when he had married Mary, and again when, after a year of misery, he had grown hopeful of "sweet reconcilement."

It was the 23d of December at last. It had come round to the day of her flight—her wedding day too, chosen out of sheer revenge, her husband would always think. It was a contrast to the bitter weather of the last two Christmases; people said it was like the autumn again, the days were so bright and sunny, and the fields so fresh and green. Three years to-day, I thought, since Conrad Gordon's wedding. In what way was he keeping its anniversary in his lonely house?

All day that thought weighed me down; I could see him in his library, with the shadows thick upon him, and his dark face set and immobile. It was the one figure by which I was haunted. I did not go out; I did not work, or write, or read. The early night found me still brooding before the fire-light, in much the same way as I had done a twelvemonth since, only the hour was late then, and the snow upon the ground. I was not thinking of Mary Gordon, I am prepared to affirm here solemnly—only of her husband in his trouble, and wondering when it would end. It is just possible it might be a delusion, and I its victim to this day. But as I cowered over the faint embers of the fire in my darkening room, I felt two hands upon my shoulders, pressing down upon me fondly, and a voice whispering suddenly and awfully in my ears the last four words that Mary Gordon had ever spoken to me:

"*You will not forget!*"

They were words slowly and solemnly delivered—not the far-off echo of a memory twelve months old—and I cowered down still more in my alarm, with the pressure of the two hands still upon me. Even her name escaped me aloud.

"Mary!" I murmured; "my poor Mary!" and then the words came to my ears again, but this time changed somewhat, or my nervous fancies were betraying me.

"*You* MUST *not forget!*"

The pressure passed away, and I stood up, panting and afraid, with my eyes glaring into the shadows of the room, where there was a something vague and misty moving from me, with its hands outspread as if in supplication. A something that *was* like Mary Gordon in face and figure, as seen at a distance through a veil, or with faint lines of snow-drift glancing athwart it—a vision from another world.

I gave a scream and fainted. When I came to myself the room was lighted up, and Phœbe was stooping over me with a glass of water in her hand.

"Are you better now, Miss Bevis?" she inquired, anxiously.

"What's the matter? Have I been ill?"

"I heard you scream, and I ran in and found you in a swound," was the reply.

"Did—did you meet any one as you came in?"

"No, ma'am—not anybody."

"Draw the curtains, please, and leave me to myself."

Phœbe executed my commands, and I was left to think of all that had happened. Was it a warning, or the effect of an imagination overwrought? Had I brooded too deeply upon this, or was Mary Gordon dead, and unable to rest in her grave? I was not superstitious; I had always laughed at superstitious folk; but the impression on my mind was not to be thought down, or shaken off too readily. I had heard Mary's voice; I had seen something so like Mary, too, that I was ghost-haunted. "You will not forget," had been whispered in my ears, and I *had* forgotten! I had made a promise, and failed to keep it. I was untrue to my trust. I was wholly in the wrong.

I came to a sudden determination: I would go to Conrad Gordon that very evening, and tell him all his wife had said. I might be refused admittance with the rest, but at the worst I could send in my message to him. It might do good; it might change the whole current of his thoughts. I had been too long silent, knowing more than he did.

I rang the bell, and asked for my hat and cloak. I gave Phœbe instructions to accompany me also. We were standing in the hall together, ready to depart, when a knocking and a ringing at the door startled us. I had few visitors, and none at so late an hour. The clock was striking eight.

"Who can it be?" said Phœbe.

"It is Conrad Gordon," I answered.

"Oh! good gracious! I hope it isn't, or I shall think you're quite a witch, Miss Bevis."

"Open the door, please. Quick!"

Phœbe obeyed my direction, and my brother stepped into the house.

"Fred! You have come back, then?"

"Yes, Beckie; why should I not?" was the first question.

"To face your accusers; to prove that their calumnies are false?" I continued.

"Calumnies?" repeated my brother. "What calumnies?"

"You don't know?" I exclaimed, with a half scream of delight. "You have not heard?"

"Not a word."

"You did not take Mary Gordon from her husband's home—you did not?"

"From her home?—Mary? As God's my judge, no," he answered, solemnly.

"Come with me at once to The Limes," I cried. "Heaven has surely sent you here to-night."

"But I don't understand," said Fred; "you bewilder me. Why should I go? What has become of Mary Gordon? When did she leave her home?"

"I will explain as we go along."

"I said I would never enter that house," he said, hesitatingly. "I promised her—I—"

"Fred," I cried, "am I to doubt you again? Am I to believe you are not telling me the truth?"

"It is all true I have said, but—"

"But Mary is dead; I have seen her ghost to-night."

"Are you mad?"

"And justice must be done her."

"Now, God forbid she is dead!" said my brother, shuddering.

"It is Gordon who says that this day twelvemonth you were at his place."

"It is true."

"And that you went away with Mary."

"It is a cruel lie," he exclaimed. "Yes, let us go and tell him that at once."

I took him at his word; I gave him no time to hesitate again. We went out into the night together.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CRUEL TRUTH.

The brightness of the day had been followed by a dense, damp darkness, more in keeping with our thoughts. There was a misty sleet falling, and the wind was soughing dismally around the unlucky house of Gordon, and swaying the bare branches of the limes till, to my excited imagination, they looked like wizards' arms beckoning us toward them. The bell we rang in this house of grief clanged ominously, and we could hear it echoing strangely along the corridors within. The great mansion was very dark; there was not a single light in its whole extent to shine forth a welcome to us; it stood out, a huge black wall against the lesser blackness of the sky.

Presently feet were heard shuffling along the hall toward us, and the door was slowly and cautiously opened by a servant, who had huddled on some clothes in haste.

"What is your business?" he asked.

"My name is Bevis. Please take that card to Mr. Gordon, and say that I wish to see him on business of importance."

The man looked from me to the card, and then from the card to me and my brother.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Bevis; I recognize your name," he said, "but you know my poor master will see no one."

"He will see me, I think."

"There is no one up in the house but myself, and I dare not approach him. Vickers—that is his valet, ma'am—has been sent away too, as he wanted no more attendance to-night," he said.

"Will you try, for my sake," I urged—"for the master's? I bring him good news."

"Good news?" said the man, doubtful if he had heard aright.

"Yes, tell him so."

"It's a risk, but I'll do it," he exclaimed. "Will you step in and wait?"

He closed the door, and left us waiting in the hall; it seemed a long and weary time before he was back again.

"My master's compliments," he said, "and he begs you will forgive him for refusing to see you or to hear your news to-night. He would remind you of what to-night is, if you have forgotten, he bade me say."

"Was he angry with you?"

"No, ma'am; and that seems very strange, considering how hard like Vickers says he is."

"Would you be afraid to take another message?" I inquired, putting a sovereign into his hand.

"Well—no—no, ma'am," he replied; "and if I lose my place, it don't much signify. I shall get a livelier one, I fancy."

"Tell him this, then—that my brother Fred is with me, and is most anxious to see him also."

"Is this— Yes, so it is—Mr. Bevis."

The man put back the sovereign in my hand.

"I can't take that message; it's more than my life's worth."

"But it has all been a mistake, and we can prove it."

"Not to my master," said the servant, shaking his head. "I wouldn't believe it myself."

"Then I will go to him," I cried.

"No, no; for mercy's sake, think a moment." He stood in my way now. "You must not, madam, really."

"Fred, don't let him stop me."

My brother's strong arms removed him and held him fast, and I went swiftly along the dimly

lighted corridors toward the library, where I was sure Gordon was. The house long since had grown familiar to me, and I knew every step of the way. I was at the library door at last, where my heart failed me somewhat, and a sudden sense of faintness came upon me. I could hear my brother's voice and the servant's angry remonstrance reverberating in the distance, but all was misty before my eyes.

Was it delusion, or did Mary's voice thrill in my ears again?

"*You will not forget!*"

I was strong now, not weak with new alarms. My hand fell, not lightly, on the panels of the door.

"What is it?" came immediately from a hollow voice within.

"Conrad," I said, "I have come myself to see you. Don't send me away. I am Rebecca Bevis."

There was a pause, and then the voice replied, "She should have come long ago."

I did not reason with him; I went on:

"My brother Fred is here," I said; "he wishes to tell you all the truth, and that he has not deceived you."

The silence that ensued was longer than before. I thought it would not be broken again. The answer came at last, however:

"I will not see him."

Still I held my ground with womanly persistence. I was not to be easily set aside that night.

There was another plea to urge—the last.

"*Conrad, I bring you a message from poor Mary!*"

There was a terrible silence now, so long and painful that my heart throbbed violently with its suspense.

The answer came at length:

"Come to me!"

I tried the handle of the door. It turned, to my surprise, and I opened the door and entered. The room was very large, and a faint light from a small table-lamp did not suffice to dispel the shadows which were there. As I advanced slowly and nervously I could see him in his chair, a gaunt, wasted, white-faced figure, with two large glaring eyes. It was a poor mad face into which I gazed—the face of an old man, with hair upon his head as white as snow. To my dying day I shall not lose the sight of him.

"Oh, Conrad," I exclaimed, in my surprise and pity.

"You bring me a message from Mary?" he said.

"Yes."

"From the dead?" he asked, in a deep voice.

"Do you think she is dead, then?" I replied, wonderingly.

"Her spirit is beside you now," he answered, calmly. "I see her plainly, despite the veil or the mist that is before her. Like a woman standing out in the snow, she always seems to me."

"Great Heaven!"

"But she never speaks to me," he added. "What has she told you to say?"

"This—on the last day I saw her alive, and in this house: That she had never had one spark of affection in her heart for my brother from the hour of her marriage with you; that she had always loved you very dearly, and would go to the end of the world with you to prove it—was going, too, most hopefully and trustfully. I was to tell Fred this too, lest he should be as mistaken as yourself. 'If it should ever come to pass,' she said, 'that I am away from Conrad, a long, long distance away, and he is living with his heart closed against me—'"

"Oh! good God!"

I went on without heeding him.

"'—as it has been all this bitter year—will you tell him what I have said, and what message I bade you give poor Fred, for my honor's sake and his.' That is my message. I wish I had brought it sooner," I concluded.

"It would have added to my misery, after all," he replied. "I am not certain that this does not kill me at once."

"It will not do that; it—"

I stopped, for he had risen with difficulty from his chair, and was standing with two shrivelled hands clutching the arms. He glared before him still more wildly.

"This is the message, then, Mary—the truth?" he asked. Presently he turned his head, and dropped into the chair like a stone.

"You are ill. Fred! Fred!" I screamed.

My brother entered the room, followed by the servant. They had both been waiting without. Conrad Gordon opened his eyes, and looked at us dreamily. He recognized my brother.

"What did you want at this house twelve months ago to-night?" he asked.

"I was leaving for good. I could not at last resist the temptation to say good-by to her; I wished to give back the letters she had written to me before her marriage. I came and left in all good faith," was the reply.

"I believe it now," was the slow answer. "For the first time I believe it. I was watching you."

"You watching!"

"I thought I would kill you—but I killed her instead."

"Oh! do not say that!"

"It seemed a greater retribution then," Conrad Gordon murmured; "now it is a greater and more awful crime. It is unpardonable."

"Conrad," I said, imploringly, "you can not mean this. There is no truth in it; long brooding here has given you these fancies."

"It is true. Tell them all. I wait here for the law. I have been waiting."

"But—when you came to my house—"

"I was deceiving you; I had the coward's fear of detection upon me. I thought that I had acted justly in my deep revenge, and she was not fit to live."

"And you—"

"Killed her in this room. Strangled her, and took her body down to the river, where I—sank it."

"Oh, God forgive you, Gordon, if this be true!" I cried.

"It is all true," he muttered. "Leave me now in peace. I shall not go away. You will find me here to-morrow."

We went at his request, and the morrow found him there as he had promised us. He was sitting upright in the chair, as we had seen him last, but it was the face of a dead man into which we gazed.

THE END.

THE OPERA MASK BALL.

A MASK ball, managed and patronized by members of the more aristocratic circles, though a common thing in Continental cities, is quite a novelty among us. This fact may, perhaps, account for the meagre number of maskers, and the conspicuous absence of fancy dresses among the attendants of the Grand Opera Ball. This entertainment, which took place at the Academy of Music on the evening of January 5, should have been much more of a success, considering the standing and importance of those who gave their assistance to the undertaking. The gentlemen who made up the executive committee of the mask ball were Messrs. AUGUST BELMONT, PHILIP SCHUYLER, JAMES P. KERNOCHAN, and HERMAN LEROY, and prominent among the names on the list of subscribers were those of JOHN JACOB and WILLIAM ASTOR, WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, General WILLIAM CUTTING, BENJAMIN H. BRISTOW, and JAMES A. BAYARD. The object of the ball was one that could not fail to recommend it to the most cultured classes of our citizens, viz., the production of a fund by which operatic managers will be enabled to produce the newest works in the best manner at the Academy of Music during coming seasons.

The custom of closing an opera season by a magnificent *bal masque* is one that has long prevailed in European cities, and in deciding to introduce it here the directors of the Academy have only followed one more of the foreign customs which Americans adopt so readily. The history of these balls, from their inception in Italy until the present time, would form a very interesting digression in the annals of the lyric drama, particularly as from a custom of merely local significance it has risen, by force of appropriateness, into the proportions of a grand and general commemoration of the musical season. As for the fund created by the Opera Ball, there can be no doubt as to its necessity and utility. Heretofore managers have hesitated about incurring, during a brief season, the heavy expenses entailed by the production of new scores. This the directors have understood, and therefore they have determined, in order to insure the creditable production of these works, to store the Academy with everything necessary for such undertakings. It is to be hoped that there is no disappointment in store for the public, who have looked to this ball to afford them an opportunity of witnessing a great improvement in the setting of all the operatic and dramatic performances given at the Academy, and also of enjoying, many for the first time, the representation of interesting musical works which up to this time managers have declined to produce, on account of the expense involved in getting them ready.

No fault could be found with the management of the mask ball, or with the arrangements made for the comfort and pleasure of the guests. It was only the general want of enthusiasm in the latter that prevented the entertainment from being a success. The doors were open at ten o'clock, but there was no one to enter. The dread of being the first to appear, or anything near it, had the customary effect, and it was eleven o'clock before there were two hundred persons in the building. After that time, however, the unloading of carriages became constant and rapid, the line soon extending from the main entrance of the Academy to a considerable distance up Irving Place. The dancing did not begin until midnight. The signal for a quadrille was given to LANDER's band, concealed in a sort of aerial flower garden in the top gallery, at half past eleven, but as only one set responded to the musical invitation, the ball can scarcely be said to have begun until some time later. The boxes, were, however, beginning to fill up, and the faces of the managers, which for a time were inclined to grow long and solemn, gradually lightened. The question whether or not a mask ball in a public place in New York could be successful in calling out that class of persons for whom this ball was designed was in process of decision. It was certainly discouraging, to say the least, to see the gentlemen of society, old and young, sauntering about in costumes that directly defied the object of the ball. Ninety-nine out of every hundred who were to be seen strolling over the waxed floor or standing in the lobbies wore the forbidding and unpicturesque white and black of the regulation evening toilet. It was not surprising, with this example set by the male portion of the revellers, that a very great many ladies contented themselves with sitting unveiled in the circle of chairs that surrounded the ball-room floor.

The decorations, which were beyond all precedent the most beautiful and elaborate ever seen within the walls of the Academy, were designed and personally superintended by Mr. CHARLES FOX, the scenic artist of Mr. MAPLESON. The scenery and other appurtenances of the stage were removed, and at the back there was a moonlight scene. The great central area was floored over a little above the level of the stage, thus affording an immense oval space of many hundred square feet for dancing. Across the eastern limit of this area a bridge, having a span of fifty feet, and resting upon apparently solid piers, was erected. The elevation above the flooring was not far from twenty feet, and the bridge was so solidly built and so securely braced that its roadway was capable of sustaining the weight of any number of persons that could gather upon it to survey the brilliant scene beneath.

The auditorium of the Academy was an elaborate floral arbor on an immense scale. The dancing floor was edged all around by vases of growing plants and trailing vines. The pillars supporting the vines were twined with evergreens. The front of the lower gallery was covered with ropes of smilax, dotted with camellias in graceful festoons, and with bunches of colored grasses and palm leaves. At short intervals below hung baskets of living flowers, and a large basket of cut flowers stood on the balustrade in front in each box. The other gallery above was similarly decorated, and both were banked at the ends by tall living palm-trees. A broad band of smilax, dotted with camellias, ran across in front of the artist boxes, and the mezzanine boxes above were half hidden in festoons, hanging baskets, and bouquets. Even the extreme top of the wall bordering on the ceiling was ornamented with festoons of plain evergreens. The proscenium boxes were even more elaborately ornamented with wreaths and bands, and baskets and bouquets of living and cut flowers. The entrances to Nilsson Hall, which was used as a supper-room, were through several beautiful floral arbors. The tables were handsomely decorated, and the menu was complete. Plates and chairs were supplied for three hundred and sixty people, and as these were replaced by others from eleven o'clock until the end of the ball, nothing under the administration of the caterers seemed to be wanting for the comfort and refreshment of both dancers and lookers-on.

It is to be regretted that the mask ball was not a success, for such an event would have added much to the brilliancy of our opera season. Another year, however, the managers may have more reason to congratulate themselves on the success of their undertaking. Americans, as a people, are given to adopting Continental customs; but a mask ball designed to attract our best citizens was perhaps too sudden and glaring a defiance to present opinions and prejudices. It is to be hoped, however, that fashionable society will adopt the innovation into their list of amusements, if only that the lovers of good music may enjoy first-class scenery and the best artists during the opera seasons of the future.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YOUNG man who had just returned from a long journey, clasping his adored one in a loving embrace, in a dimly lighted parlor, was seized with a great terror, that, for an instant, paralyzed all his energies. "Oh, my darling," said he, wildly, "why didn't you write me of this? What is it—spinal disease? or have you dislocated some of your ribs, that you are obliged to wear this broad leather bandage?" "Oh, love," she gently murmured, "this is only my new belt; I would have got a broader one, but it would not go under my arms."

A man can always write better than he can speak. This is a rule of universal application. Even when a gentleman stands on the bank of a stream, he gets no fish by speaking, though he be never so eloquent; but, on the other hand, if he just "drops a line" to the finny tribe, they respond with great alacrity.

A Belleville man was astonished the other day to find the telephone could talk French. He said he thought it was an English invention.

"Now, Uncle Pete, I am going to give you something bully. This brandy is twenty-four years old." "Twenty-four years old, boss?" asked old Pete, eying the "one finger" doubtfully—"this yar brandy twenty-four years old? Mighty small for its age, boss—mighty small."

As some lady visitors were going through a penitentiary under the escort of the superintendent, they came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Dear me," one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious-looking creatures! Pray what are they here for?" "Because they have no other home; this is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly answered the superintendent.

Two ladies are discussing a third, who is, of course, absent. "She is really charming," says one, "and above all, she has such an air of intelligence." "Yes," answers the other, "but there are no words to that air."

An old lady in Wichita says she never could imagine where all the Smiths came from until she saw in a New England town a large sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company."

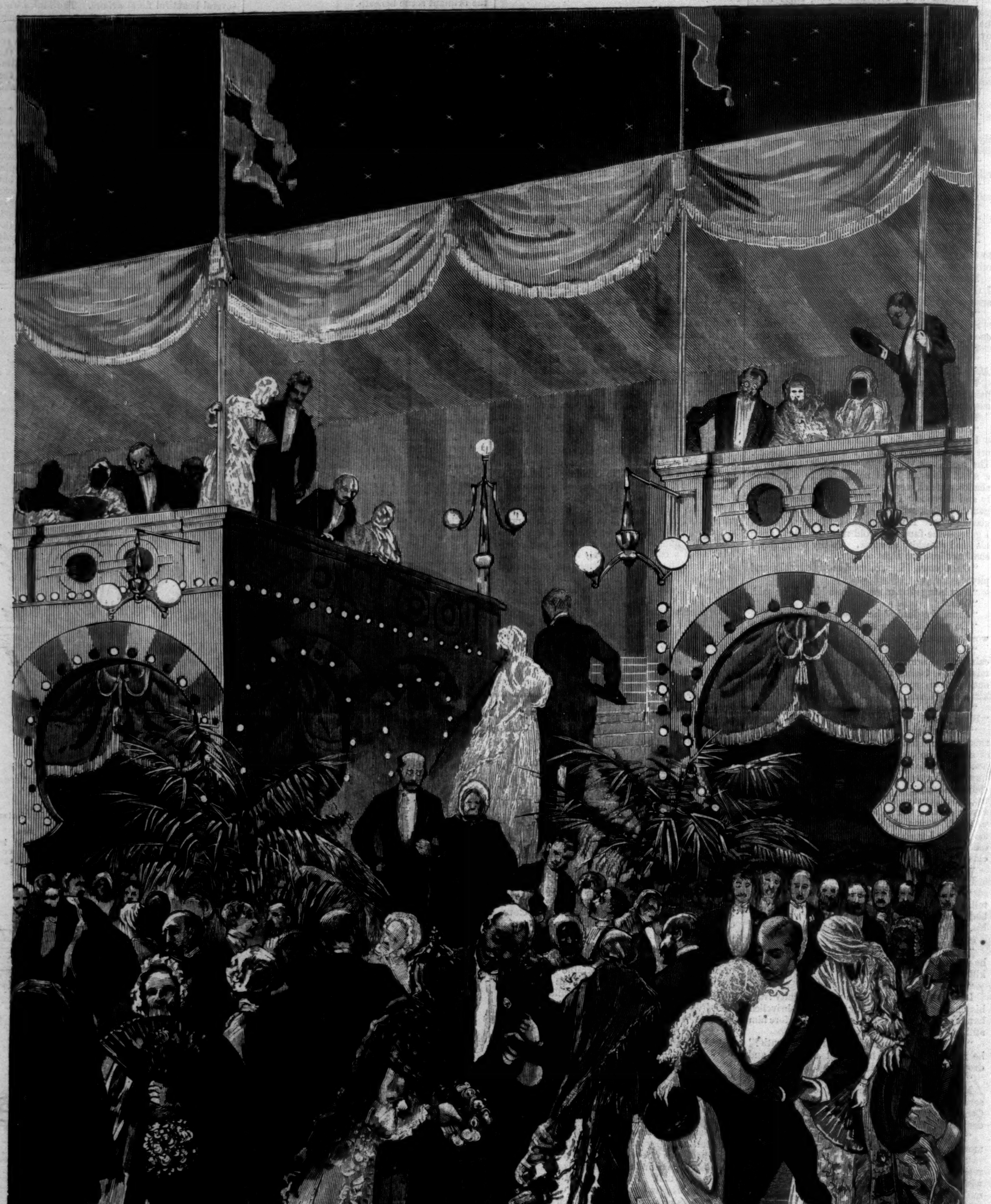
"Whom can we trust?" is the black type inquiry of an exchange. It is of no consequence. "Whom can we induce to trust us?" is the soul agonizer.

THE STREETS.

MOTHER OF FAMILY. "My dears, such is the selfishness of man that some people would even make the authorities deprive us of this luxury."

OUR STREET COMMISSIONERS.

"Come, Gentlemen, wake up. It is Pay-Day!"

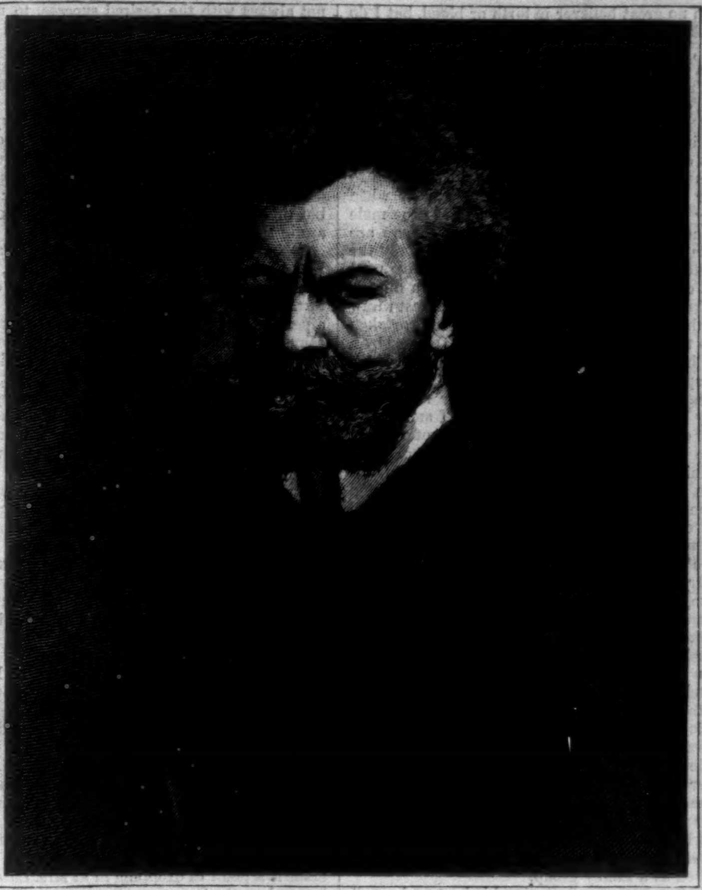


THE MASK BALL AT THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 55.]

MICHAEL MUNKÁCSY.

To those who argue much about the difficulty of making a name or reputation in art or letters in this age of overproduction, the name of MICHAEL MUNKÁCSY is all that need be offered in the way of refutation. This artist has owed nothing to birth or position, to fashionable caprice or royal patronage, but has won for himself a place in the first rank of living artists simply by the power of his own remarkable genius. GOTTHOLD NEUDA, in writing of MUNKÁCSY, says: "Neither accident nor the caprice of fortune had anything to do with this popularity. Even the most ill-starred wight, if he had handled MUNKÁCSY'S bold and powerful brush, could not have failed to find favor with the art-loving Parisians, who are ever ready to receive anything new and original. MUNKÁCSY is not only an artist of great individuality; he is also the creator of a new *genre;* he is original not only by his style of painting, but much more so by the choice of his subjects, and by the characteristic comprehension of his times, the spirit of which is reflected in his works."

The history of little MISKA, the Hungarian child, reads almost like a romance. Having been deprived of a mother's care in babyhood, he also lost his father when he was but four years old. The father had taken part in the insurrection of Hungary in the year 1848, and was thrown into prison, where he fell sick and died. Five helpless orphans were left outside the prison gates; but happily there was an equal number of uncles and aunts. One of the latter took little MISKA to her home, and became his second mother. One night a band of robbers broke into the house, plundering and killing, and leaving the lad between the four empty walls with the corpse of his foster-mother. MISKA found a new asylum at the house of one of his uncles, a lawyer named REOEK. But the latter had also lost all his wealth during the revolution. Being too poor to give the boy a public-school education, he apprenticed him to a joiner. After an apprenticeship which lasted four years, MUNKÁCSY became an independent journeyman. He was obliged to work hard, but there was compensation in the fact that he was able to dispose of his leisure hours, and satisfy his longing for instruction and knowledge.



MICHAEL MUNKACSY.

A few young friends who studied at the college of Arad, where MISKA was working, were his professors. He began by learning to read and write, and then he studied history and literature. He was delighted with the reading of the poets, especially SCHILLER, and himself attempted poetry, but soon found out that his talents lay in another direction. During the long days which he passed at the joiner's shop the figures of his working companions, and the popular scenes which surrounded him, imprinted themselves, without his being aware of it, upon his youthful mind, and when later he exchanged the plane for the easel, it was seen how well he understood the popular life of Hungary. During three years MUNKÁCSY worked from five in the morning until night for weekly wages amounting to less than two dollars. During the evenings he was bent over his books. Hard bodily labor, mental excitement, and insufficient food—for during six months he had hardly one warm meal—exhausted the strength of the eighteen-year-old journeyman, who was just in the time of growth. He fell into a violent fever, which rendered him unfit for work. Happily his uncle, the lawyer REOEK, had in the mean time acquired some wealth, and took his nephew home to Gyula. Here occurred the turning-point in MUNKÁCSY'S life.

At Gyula the young joiner made the acquaintance of a portrait painter named SAMOSY, who came there to paint the portraits of some distinguished individuals. MUNKÁCSY had the opportunity of being present at some of these sittings, and there he followed with breathless attention the work of this artist. Suddenly he formed the desire of being a painter, and he entreated his uncle to let him take instruction from SAMOSY. The latter, an intelligent, well-educated gentleman, received the young man kindly, instructed him in his art, and finally took him with him to Arad, where he had to paint several portraits. There MUNKÁCSY gave lessons in drawing, the remuneration for which consisted generally of a dinner. He was quite delighted when he had to paint a tailor's family, and received in return a warm winter overcoat.

During this time MUNKÁCSY still remained under the tuition of SAMOSY, who not only instructed him in drawing and painting, but also in literature. He made rapid progress in all his studies, painted a few pictures, which he sold cheap, and finally returned to his uncle at Gyula, where he painted for some time from nature, mostly domestic scenes among the peasants. One of these paintings, on which he had worked for three months, gave such satisfaction that he resolved to go to Pesth, and exhibit it there. Its success surpassed his expectations; the Art Union bought the work for eighty florins. A second picture that MUNKÁCSY painted was sold for one hundred and thirty florins, and with this capital the young artist thought he might venture out into the wide world. MUNKÁCSY directed his steps to Vienna, where he studied at the museums, and in the year 1866 he returned again to Pesth. There he was troubled with a disease of the eyes, which had almost put an end to his hardly begun career of a painter. He passed six months at the hospital, being half blind. When he left it his first thought was to apply himself to his studies more than ever. With twenty florins in his pocket, he went to Munich, where he staid for two years, and then to Düsseldorf. It was in the latter city that he painted "The Last Day of a Man sentenced to Death," with which he laid the foundation of his reputation. The painter KNAUS, to whom he had communicated his plan, disapproved greatly of the daring undertaking of a beginner risking himself at such an important group of figures. But MUNKÁCSY, undismayed, quietly executed his painting, and in proportion as it advanced, his reputation spread in the city, till at last KNAUS called at MUNKÁCSY'S studio, and could not refrain from bursting forth in exclamations of admiration at the sight of the almost completed composition. Following the advice of his friends, MUNKÁCSY sent his painting to Paris, where it caused great excitement at the Salon of 1870, and received a medal.

After this came a series of triumphs, among which may be mentioned "The Pawnbroker's Shop," "An Episode of the Hungarian War," and the "Village Hero." Each of these added to his reputation, but none to such an extent as the masterly production exhibited for the first time in 1878, and entitled "Milton dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughters." In this painting the distribution of space, the light, the concordance of color, the character of the furniture, even the dimensions of the picture's surface—everything moves the spectator harmoniously. MILTON, one of the most interesting poets the world has ever known, sits before a table in a high-backed arm-chair, his head, with its broad expressive brow, leaning on his breast. By this arrangement, which is entirely in accordance with the situation, the painter has spared the spectator the painful sight of MILTON'S physical infirmity, indicating it slightly by the morbid contraction of one of the eyebrows. The right arm seems likewise to repose on the breast, but the hand and fingers seem to betray an agitation, almost imperceptible, but still intense, suggesting the momentary energetic creation of ideas. The left hand is clasped around one arm of the chair. It is, however, above all, in the grave, furrowed countenance that the internal labor is reflected with unsurpassable nicety of feeling. In the frail but nobly shaped body the warm life is pulsating,

"MILTON DICTATING 'PARADISE LOST' TO HIS DAUGHTERS."—FROM THE PAINTING BY MICHAEL MUNKÁCSY.

until the spectator almost fancies that he can watch the movement of each breath.

At the opposite end of the table sits the eldest daughter, waiting with intelligent looks and strained attention, ready to write the lines as they come from her father's lips. Behind the table stands the second daughter, her face turned with fervent sympathy toward the poet, and next him sits the youngest, busy with an embroidery frame. She directs a look full of tender sympathy toward the old man, and her sentiment is so powerful that her uplifted hand stops motionless. One of the great beauties of the picture lies in the distribution and attitude of the four figures. They express the situation of the moment, and the deep interest in the relation of the persons among themselves. MILTON'S costume, entirely black, and of velvet down to the knees, has the character of unintended distinction. The costumes of the daughters show a graceful simplicity. The furniture of the room is unostentatious, but not of a Puritan bareness. The carving of the cupboard, the blue, nicely shaped faience vase, the materials and patterns of the table-cloth and the carpet, make us conclude that the inmates of the apartment can appreciate also external ornaments of life.

It has been urged against MUNKÁCSY that he employed too much black in his painting, and showed too great a preference for dark tones. But in the "Milton" there is nothing of that "sooty heaviness" with which the critics have so often reproached him. Here MUNKÁCSY has shown himself complete master of his art, rising above his dark manner, and uniting the most brilliant *coloris* with a remarkable simplicity of means. In this picture he has entered upon the domain of historical painting. What the future may hold in store for him no one can venture to predict, for this work has brought the Hungarian painter, now but in his thirty-sixth year, honors such as no living artist has received in an equally short space of time.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "AT HER MERCY," "BRED IN THE BONE," "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK," "WALTER'S WORD," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "HIGH SPIRITS," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

A SUBURBAN SYMPOSIUM.

I AM afraid it was a poet, and a true one, who once wrote,

"Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—Lord forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust."

But between the hut and the palace there are many kinds of dwelling-houses—Agar's Buildings, as I once heard a house-agent term them, "because Agar's prayer, you know, was for neither riches nor poverty, and these lots are for your middle-class people." In these, rather than in the two extremities of the social scale, is true happiness usually to be found; and, moreover, though the statement may be surprising, the best food. The preparation of what one has to eat is an act which is rarely carried to perfection by hirelings; these will provide, indeed, the richest and of course the most expensive dishes, but not (such at least is my experience) the daintiest. I have often "sat at rich men's feasts" and wondered at the seeming relish with which they swallowed things which would never have passed muster with the wives of some men who have but a tenth part of their incomes. For it is the wives who are responsible for these matters, and when they are too proud to give their own superintendence to them, it is the husbands—and, alas! the husbands' friends—who suffer from the omission. If Mrs. Bullion, the millionaire's consort, would only deign to give some of that valuable time and taste she expends upon the subject of blue china to the things served *on* the china, of course her table would be infinitely better than that of the wife of Mr. Bullion's chief clerk; but, as matters stand, the latter's villa at Bayswater is in many cases positively a better place to dine at than the former's mansion in Eaton Square.

The term "administrative capacity" is just now far from being in good odor. When any member of the aristocracy, who can not spell, and is ashamed or afraid to learn, and has been pitchforked into some high position by his influential friends, with that public failure for a result that might have been expected, we are always told that, whatever may be—and, indeed, are—his short-comings, he has great "administrative capacity." The phrase has therefore lost some of its force; but yet there is no other that applies so well to the capable mistress of a household. In the old time it was said of her that she was not afraid of the snow for her maidens by reason of the scarlet cloth she wove to environ them; but her maidens and she have since then fallen out distressingly. She is really not always to blame if they are not all they ought to be, for the bonds of domestic discipline have been relaxed by circumstances over which she has no control; but for the "food for the household" she is still answerable, and accordingly as this is good or not, doth she perform or fail in her duty.

No. 7 Cavendish Grove was not a residence which, judging from its dimensions, you would have set down in your visiting-book under the head "Places to dine at," unless you had had experience of its hospitalities; but the fact was that old Stephen Durham was what women call "very particular" as to what he ate, while both Mrs. Helston and her sister had that artistic skill in the preparation of food which is so often found in really refined feminine natures, and would much oftener be put in practice than it is—to the delight and delectation of mankind—but for false pride, and a certain conventional vulgarity which supposes itself to be a delicate fastidiousness. I am no great believer in birth or blood, but I do think that none but a gentleman or lady (in England, at least) can make a salad: there seems to be a consciousness of weakness in many houses of the middle class in this respect, for how else can one account in them for the presence of that hateful compound called "salad mixture"? Again, let me touch (with all the delicacy the subject demands) upon pie crust: few young ladies, it is true, can make it; fewer still will own to ever having stooped to such a task; but when they can and do, I should like to see the male French cook that could rival them. There are certain snow-flakes on the top of it that only the lightest and most delicate hand can compass. I had once the honor of being invited to a dinner, cooked by two young ladies, which I protest threw all the club feasts of which I have ever partaken into the shade. Pardon a digression evoked by a sublime reminiscence. The household of which we speak had not of course the materials for such a banquet. But on the little parlor table, that July evening, there was a supper, of small cost, and destitute of all the accessories of fashion save a few sweet flowers, which was cooked by divinities and fit for gods. A couple of chickens with a salad, a raspberry and currant tart, and some strawberries and cream, make but a small figure in a *menu;* but had you tasted that salad and that tart, your grace after such a repast would have expressed, let us hope, a genuine gratitude.

Mr. Frank Barlow, a lawyer of seven-and-twenty or so, was the only guest; he was far from being a stranger to the company, although strikingly unlike them in appearance; a good-looking blonde-bearded young fellow, with keen eyes for a flaw in a document, but which were not just now in search of flaws. He had been recently made a partner in a small but thriving legal firm, the business of which, to judge by his intelligent face, he was likely to increase; and he was about to be made a partner, as may have been guessed, in another firm, whereof the junior member was now present, and had consented to merge her name in his, and be known for the future no more as Amy Thurlow, but as Mrs. Barlow. The little party, therefore, even with this addition, may be still considered as a family group.

Barlow was complimenting his host, as he well might, upon the excellence of his entertainment, and especially upon the contents of the claret jug, wherein "cup" had been brewed by certain celestial fingers.

"Well, yes, sir, I like to have things good about me," returned the old man, well pleased, but in a slightly Johnsonian manner, which was natural to him, save when speaking to those very intimate with him. "I can not think but that I am come of the race of some rich king or prince in former times; for never yet saw I any man that had a greater desire to be a king and rich than I have, and that only that I may make good cheer, do nothing, and plentifully enrich all honest and learned men."

It was rather embarrassing to Mr. Frank Barlow that he was often in doubt whether his host was quoting from Rabelais or some other recondite author, or speaking in his own proper person. He contented himself on this occasion with replying that riches were of greater advantage even to the wise and philosophic than was supposed, quite apart from the good they enabled their possessor to bestow on others; because they set the mind free from sordid cares. Whether he had any thought in his mind of Matthew's case or not, the latter seemed to take the allusion to himself, for he looked up and said, "For my part, Barlow, I think nothing so bad for man or woman as the possession of great wealth."

"There is the danger of purse-pride, no doubt," allowed the lawyer: "I have noticed, too, that the richer a man grows, the more dogmatic, and as a rule the less valuable, his opinions become: he is surrounded with expectants, and therefore meets with little contradiction."

"That is not what Matt means," put in his wife. "His objection to great wealth is that it petrifies the feelings."

"It is curiously, though, it is true, somewhat grossly, illustrative of its bad effects," observed the old man, "how all jewels of great price—what one may call historic jewels—have been mixed up with fraud and crime. Take, for example, the history of the Koh-i-noor—which extends from authentic records over two thousand years—of what cruelty and bloodshed has it not been the cause, since Nadir Shah compelled the great-grandson of Aurungzebe to change turbans with him."

"What did he do that for?" inquired Amy.

"Well, Mohammed Shah was so indiscreet as to wear the gem in his turban during his interview with his conqueror, and the latter proposed exchanging head-gear in proof of amity. Then Runjeet Sing compelled his guest and prisoner, Shah Shujah, who wore the thing on his arm, to part with it for a nominal sum, and afterward on his death-bed was himself only prevented from leaving it out of the family from the circumstance that he was too weak to sign his name. Fortunately he could only signify assent by a nod of his head."

"If it was in presence of witnesses, one might have made a nice point of that," observed Barlow.

"The strangest fact about the jewel," continued Uncle Stephen, with sublime indifference to this professional interruption, "was that it lost four-fifths of its original weight through unskillful cutting. Poor Borgio, who so bungled it, had to pay all his possessions to the Emperor Aurungzebe, and very narrowly saved his head."

"If Mr. Signet had been the emperor, the man would have lost it, to a dead certainty," remarked Amy—an observation which received general assent, except from Matthew, who said nothing; his countenance even expressed dissatisfaction, which caused Mr. Barlow, who was always trying to smooth matters all round, though (through want of knowledge of the actual state of affairs) not always with the desired success, to remark, "I dare say Mr. Signet is not such a bad fellow, away from his business."

"You might just as well say, Frank, that, apart from his color, a blackamoor was white enough," observed Amy.

"Well, for my part," returned the lawyer, "I like a man to be wrapped up in his own calling; that is, of course"—here he stammered and looked at Matthew—"in his natural calling. No doubt, from all I hear, the man's manner is bad, but there are lots of men with bad manners who are in reality very decent fellows."

"That is not like your knowledge of mankind, Mr. Barlow," observed Uncle Stephen, as he poured a spoonful of custard over his currant tart. "Mr. Signet himself would tell you that in a pearl of bad appearance the layers generally become more dull and lustreless as you remove them. When the outer skin has no polish, there is small hope indeed for the kernel."

"On the other hand," said the lawyer, quickly, "there is such a thing as a rough diamond."

The young fellow meant well, but it was clear to his betrothed that the topic he was pursuing was distasteful to at least one member of the little company. "My dear Frank," whispered she, significantly, "when one finds a rough diamond, the very best thing that can be done with it is to cut it."

"Well, I must say I differ with you as to the mode of treatment of the subject," he answered, in the same low tones. "It is an unpleasant one, I allow; but it is ridiculous to ignore it. It is much better to meet these things face to face."

"What, Mr. Signet?"

"Well, yes, even Mr. Signet himself. In view of Mr. Durham's wonderful knowledge of the history of precious stones, for example, which Matt tells me he has at his finger-ends (as, indeed, he seems to have everything), would it not be politic to ask the man to the house? You have no idea how the wheel of business, when rusty, or, as in this case, somewhat out of gear, is capable of being lubricated and set right by a little social attention. Whenever I found things the least unpleasant at the office with Bates, I always made it a point of dropping in at Mrs. Bates's 'at homes,' on the Saturday afternoons. Then, over the lemonade and ices, Bates and I rubbed each other's angles down, and all was smooth again."

Amy shook her head. "The matter goes deeper, I fear, and there is no pretty Mrs. Bates in the case, sir, to make things pleasant for everybody. The fact is, Matt hates his work, and hates his master."

Mr. Barlow shrugged his shoulders. There was a slight contempt in the action which did not escape his companion.

"You are not to suppose, Frank, that Matt complains," she said, quickly. "He always does his duty without a murmur. But as to Mr. Signet, I don't think he would ever ask him to this house, nor would he come, perhaps, if he was asked."

"Do you mean to say he would think it was 'cheeky' in his subordinate?"

"I think, from what I have heard of him, he certainly would."

Mr. Barlow, with half-shut eyes, indulged in a silent but hearty fit of merriment—a device which native prudence and much attendance at courts of law had taught him.

"That is really very funny," he said—"Mr. Signet thinking it a condescension to come here!" And his eye wandered from one to the other tenants of the little parlor, to rest at last on Amy herself, as a bee might settle, after his tour of some rich garden, upon the fairest flower of all. "The man must be a fool, my darling."

"On the contrary, he is a very shrewd fellow."

"Um; that makes it worse," mused Mr. Barlow. "I am really sorry for poor Matt. Has he to go out to-night?"

"Yes, if you can call it night. He starts at three in the morning."

"Great Heaven! And her ladyship is not over-punctual, I suppose."

"She sometimes keeps him waiting for two hours. Hush! Matt is looking this way, and sees we are talking about him. It is a very sore subject."

CHAPTER III.

GREEN AGE AND HOARY YOUTH.

AFTER supper, Mrs. Helston sat down to the little piano, and played to Amy's singing. The former, though far from being an artist, was a creditable performer, and from long practice suited with her sister's voice—which was a very sweet one—better, perhaps, than a better player would have done. Their materials were very simple, chiefly old ballads set to well-known airs, but the effect produced was surprisingly good. With the present audience, at all events, it was much more successful than any of those elaborate performances would have been that appeal so importunately to the ear in fashionable drawing-rooms, the difficulty of executing which, even when surmounted, irresistibly reminds one of Dr. Johnson's famous rejoinder. Every word was distinctly heard, and, still more wonderful, was worth hearing; for Uncle Stephen exceedingly objected to the usual sacrifice of sense to sound. He used to tell a story, which we have no reason to disbelieve, of having heard a young lady sing, "Thou who so gently walkest over me," and who stuck to the assertion that so the line ran. She had sung it so for years, and no one had objected to it before; and she did not at all see that it must needs be addressed to a flea or a fly, as he had pointed out. It was with the utmost difficulty that she was persuaded to accept "watchest" as the right reading.

When the fine old ballads were finished, I am sorry to say that Mr. Frank Barlow put in a request for the African melody of "Some folks do," which was executed with great spirit, and brought the evening to a most hilarious conclusion; for Mr. Barlow generally took his leave about half past ten at latest. He was a practical man, who believed in such proverbs as "early to bed," etc., though perhaps he was not so solicitous about becoming "wise" as "wealthy." If he had been a sailor or a salesman, instead of a lawyer, he would have buckled to his calling, and made himself equally at home with it, for a calling was with him but the means to an end. He had no particular bent, and his tastes were those of the public at large, and the reverse of fastidious. In spite of which, as often happens, he felt considerable contempt for those whom nature had endowed in a less lavish manner, nor am I quite certain that his very choice of a song had not been made with a view of moral reproof. If Amy had guessed, however, that those lively lines,

"Some folks get gray hairs,
Some folks do, some folks do,
Brooding o'er their cares,
But that's not me nor you,"

had had any, the most distant, reference to her brother-in-law, she would certainly not have sung them; nor, indeed, did any one apply them to Matthew.

"Come, darling, you must get your beauty-sleep," cried he to his wife, when Barlow had departed, "or you will have no color in your cheeks to-morrow. It is only Amy who gets roses thrown over the wall to her."

"And *you*," rejoined she, tenderly—"can you not snatch a few hours' rest before that horrid cab comes?"

"No, my sweet; I prefer a short night to a broken one, as you well know. Your uncle and I are going to have a pipe in the study, and then I have the new poem to finish."

"Then he'll sleep, for certain," said Amy, reassuringly.

"Oh, but it is so sad his sitting up so! there are four long, long hours before him."

"I'll sleep at the office to-morrow," laughed Matt. "Don't fret. It is very seldom that these balls come so late in the season."

"Good-night, you dear old victim to Fashion," said Amy, as she kissed her brother.

"Good-night, darling," murmured Sabey, pityingly. "Promise to take something before you go: there is some chicken left, and you will find sherry and soda-water on the table."

"It is a great thing to find a woman to love one, and you have found two, Matthew," sighed old Stephen, as they went down stairs. "You should think yourself very fortunate."

"I do, uncle, I do assure you—in that respect," answered Matthew, gravely.

The "study" was an under-ground room beneath the parlor, lined with books, and also so littered with them that it was difficult to move across the floor. They lay on the table, too, along with the sherry and soda Sabey's forethought had provided, and were, indeed, the only ornaments of the apartment, unless a something in one corner covered with a white cloth, and looking like a baby's coffin, was any article of virtu. There was also a tobacco jar on the mantel-piece, with several pipes.

"It was said by a great man," observed Uncle Stephen, filling one of these latter with Latakia, "that 'when one is much failed' (which was his downright way of speaking of the effects of years), 'one henceforward wants nothing but a cup of good wine, a good bed, one's back to the fire, one's face to the table, and a good deep dish;' but he had not the advantage of being acquainted with tobacco. It is the greatest comfort, save a good conscience, that old age can count upon, and while one has breath, as Amy would say, to draw. What a bright creature that girl is! I never saw one of her sex with such a sense of humor. I hope Barlow appreciates her."

"Well, he appreciates all he can of her," answered Matthew, between the puffs of his pipe. "I think him a good fellow, but scarcely worthy of her. Even the best of good fellows would hardly be that."

"That's true," assented the old man; "yet she loves him."

"He loves *her*, at all events, and she does her best to reciprocate his affection."

"That is to say," continued Uncle Stephen, "it will all be right unless she meets with somebody in the mean time—that is, before marriage—who is more suitable."

"Which is not very likely in Cavendish Grove," answered Matt, laughing. "Moreover, having once passed her word, Amy would not give Barlow up for any other man with the virtues of Aristides and the riches of Crœsus."

"No; but if she once liked the other man better, she would marry neither of them. She is just the sort of girl to sacrifice herself to a sentiment."

"And you are just the sort of man," thought Matthew to himself; "and indeed I believe you have done it." But he said nothing.

"It is curious," resumed Uncle Stephen, "how love dies out of us when we are very old. Our poor attachments then become those of circumstance, which the world takes for caprice. As passion departs, instinct re-asserts itself, as it does in childhood, and the words 'near' and 'dear' become almost synonyms. That is why old men so often leave their money to their housekeepers. I should not care a farthing for you and the girls, Matt (for Sabey will be always a girl), if we didn't all live under the same roof."

"Well, uncle," answered Matthew, smiling, "since the fact is so satisfactory, we will not dispute about the cause. But you are not a very old man—in the sense in which you speak of age—and you never will be, though you should live to be a hundred."

"The truth is, nevertheless, Matt," answered the other, gravely, "that I do discover in myself certain indications of old age. (Tell it, I prithee, to nobody, but let it be kept very close between us two.) For I find wine of a better relish than formerly I was wont to do, and withal I have a

more dreadful apprehension than I ever heretofore have had of lighting on bad wine."

"The voice is the voice of Esau," answered Matthew, gravely, "but the thoughts are the thoughts of Jacob."

"Perhaps; I am not quite sure myself," admitted the other. "When you yourself grow very old, you will probably use—involuntarily—the language of mathematics."

A flush passed quickly over the young man's face.

"If so, I shall be in my second childhood indeed, uncle. While I retain my reason, it will warn me to let mathematics alone."

"And yet they have been useful to you, Matt."

"No doubt. They have helped to gain me my present means of livelihood. On the other hand, they have been the cause—or rather they have made me the cause—of very serious loss to others."

"Tut, tut; not a word of that an you love me. I had forgotten it myself, or I should have avoided all allusion to the subject. That is one of the few advantages of my time of life. I remember the quarrel with my brother in the garden over an apple—as far back almost as the other apple story—but I remember nothing of our falling out over the division of our patrimony, a quarter of a century afterward. In memory I am a boy again: perhaps it is the preparation for the great day of account which so nearly awaits me. One is set to study the old ledgers."

"I find I am sometimes set to study them also, Uncle Stephen."

"Are you? Then that is not right. The past is for old men, Matt: the present and the future are for youth. 'Be sanguine, take short views, and trust in God,' is the motto for all men in active life: I like to leave my company with a moral aphorism, since an epigram is now beyond me, and there goes twelve o'clock. You too, my lad, had better be off to bed."

"There is my lady's ball to-night, uncle."

"To be sure; I had forgotten that, and yet you would persuade me I am not an old man."

There was a tinge of unaccustomed bitterness in his tone as he said that; but his wonted smile returned to him as he shook his nephew's hand and bade him good-night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WORKING-MAN'S CLUB.

ONE of the greatest signs of the progress of thought is the intelligence with which the advocates of total abstinence have learned to carry on their warfare against intemperance. Their plans have at last assumed a positive shape. Appeals from the pulpit for reform, descriptions in the lyceum of the horrors of *delirium tremens*, and thrilling pictures of the miseries of a drunkard's home, were efforts of a sort that left the unfortunate victim of *mania a potu* in terror and despair, but gave him no glimpse of any hope by which he might lift himself out of the abyss into which he had fallen.

There is no more determined principle in human nature than that it demands substance, and this in every department of its complex organism. Negation will not answer. The desire for alcoholic stimulants is a natural desire in a morbid shape. They are the resource usually, in the first place, of the sick, the poor, the despairing, those bankrupt in that which would have made life not only tolerable, but, so far as was designed by Him who orders it, enjoyable. Reckless drunkenness is usually only the advanced stage of a habit adopted in ignorance of its insidious hurtfulness, and the victim suddenly finds himself under the domination of a force which he did not know existed.

"Man can not live by bread alone," said the Founder of the Christian faith. This every thinker knows. Labor will not fill up a life. There must be recreation, amusement, the gratification of social instincts, the development of noble sentiments and tender emotions. All this is just as necessary for the working-man as for the artist, scholar, poet, or man of wealth who has thought the matter out, and has the common-sense and means to supply himself with what his nature needs. Fortunately, or, we ought to say, through the natural justice of our all-wise Creator, these things are as much within the reach of humbler classes as they are within that of the wealthier. The difference is that the former do not recognize or understand their own necessities, while the latter, taught from childhood to think, do.

So far the difficulty with the promoters of total abstinence has been that, with certain noble exceptions, they have lost themselves in tears and groans and denunciation, but have not applied to the subject that calm thought which should have shown them the root of the difficulty, and a way to provide for it. They have wept over the drunkard at revivals and prayer-meetings, and then sent him home to his barren, amusementless, emotionless existence, to fall anew into the old sin. At last, however, a light has come, or rather the first gleam of it, for there is an immense field to be worked before the ground shall be half covered.

The new plan for the benefit of the myriads of our fellow-citizens who need much that has never yet come into their lives, if they are to be strengthened and enabled to overcome the temptation to excessive stimulation by alcoholic drinks, is the establishment of coffee-houses—not mere restaurants where food can be had, but clubs where it may be enjoyed, together with social pleasure and healthy recreations. These institutions are already flourishing in nearly every large city of England. In Liverpool there are twenty-four of these club-houses, not only self-sustaining, but actually paying dividends.

The first coffee-house, or working-man's club, as it is called, has recently been established in New York city on the east side, below Houston Street. There is said to be only one Protestant church within a radius of half a mile from the foot of Grand Street, East River. Within that district 145,000 persons are crowded, and there is not a single place where recreation may be sought profitably by any of them. It is the purpose of those who have the management of the club to demonstrate to those from whom its support and encouragement are expected that there is something better than the life to which they are accustomed. The club is not in any way connected with or under the direction of any Church, or of the representatives of any Church, and no effort is made to inculcate religious doctrines, except indirectly, that is, by the influence of proper associations.

The project to establish an association of this kind in New York originated with Mr. WILLIAM ABBATT, secretary of Lebanon Chapel, No. 70 Columbia Street, who gave much consideration to the subject, and finally broached it to several members of the City Missionary and Tract Society, with which he is connected. The Rev. Dr. BEVAN and Rev. Dr. RYLANCE at once volunteered to speak in behalf of the project, and subscriptions were started to rent and furnish a house suitable for the purpose. Among the first to subscribe were WILLIAM E. DODGE, Jun., D. WILLIS JAMES, and HOWARD POTTER. The first public meeting in behalf of the project was held on March 17, when Rev. Dr. BEVAN made an address. Since then enough money has been raised to rent the necessary premises, and the club has been formally organized, with the Rev. JAMES MARSHALL as president, the Rev. CONRAD DOENCH and ANDREW DOW vice-presidents, and WILLIAM ABBATT treasurer and secretary. The first floor is fitted up as a coffee-room, the second floor for reading and smoking rooms and a library, and the third floor for a lecture-room. Then the organization has been perfected by the election of a board of managers, composed in part of the working-men who join the club. The initiation fee, entitling each member to the use of the library and the reading and smoking rooms, is twenty-five cents, with additional monthly dues of twenty cents. Free concerts weekly, and popular scientific lectures are given for a small admission fee monthly.

In this movement the total-abstinence people have taken hold of the cause they advocate in precisely the right way. Working-people as a class are not deep thinkers. If they were, it might engender great restlessness and discontent with the positions they are called to fill, the power of thought usually producing in the possessor a desire to fill situations where his mental endowments may find scope and opportunity for exercise. It therefore becomes the duty of those whose minds are always at work upon the problems of life to discover, and so far as possible provide for, the necessities of the poor, who are to be always with us. If the mind of the working-man, which is quite of the calibre to be interested in and entertained by the great events of history, the discoveries of science, and the beauties of art and poetry, even if he can not add to their list, can be opened to such a mine of rich enjoyment, and if he can be taught by influence and example the loveliness of gentleness, charity, and noble aspirations, the demon of drunkenness will shrink into such insignificance that no one need regard his existence.

PREHISTORIC RELICS.

THE caves, tombs, and gravel drifts of the earth, which are of all objects the most uninteresting to the casual observer, have in our days become strangely eloquent. At the touch of science they have lent a voice to the dumb past. Raising the veil of antiquity, they have unrolled page after page of ancient history, written neither with pen nor pencil, but stamped on the rude implements of war or the chase, imprinted on the few threads of decaying tissue that inwrap the crumbling skeleton, engraved on the bracelet of bronze or silver that encircled the slender wrist of some prehistoric beauty, or chased on the brooch of gold that clasped the mantle of some renowned but forgotten chieftain.

In the pile or lake dwellings of Switzerland many interesting discoveries have been made. Three kinds of wheat—one an Egyptian variety—have been found; also two kinds of barley, two kinds of millet, the remains of fruit such as apples and pears, peas, flax, and weeds. For their cattle and swine, the lake-dwellers seem to have laid up winter fodder in the shape of acorns and beech-nuts. They made cloth of their flax, and could even weave it into an ornamental pattern. From an examination of the human remains found in these curious lake-dwellings and in the sepulchral caves, the most eminent geologists are of opinion that our Neolithic ancestors were of the same race as the Basque-speaking peoples who are still to be found in the north of Spain and in the south of France.

However acquired, the possession of bronze marks an era of advancement. The dwellings of the people who used it were better, and their circumstances more comfortable, than those of the Neolithic tribes they succeeded. They had axes and sickles of bronze, gouges, chisels, hammers, and knives; and, as a natural consequence, all the products of their labor were superior and better finished. They could weave well a tough and strong fabric, and their clothes were formed of several pieces sewed together. Their cloth is almost invariably of linen, no woollen cloth belonging to this period having been found either in France or Switzerland; but in a wooden coffin discovered in 1861 at Ribe, in Jutland, the remains of a body were found inclosed in a cloak of coarse woollen cloth; a woollen cap covered the head, the lower limbs having been wrapped in woollen leggings. Under the cloak was a woollen shirt, girt round the waist by a long woollen band. A bronze dagger in a wooden sheath had been laid beside the dead hand; and in a small box were a few necessary articles for the long journey toward the spirit-land, consisting of another woollen cap, a comb, and a knife—the whole inclosed in a bull's hide. Another coffin contained the paraphernalia of an ancient belle, a brooch, a knife, a double-pointed awl, and a pair of tweezers, all of bronze; two studs, one of bronze and one of tin; and a javelin head of flint; while a third coffin, that of a baby, contained a small bronze bracelet and a bead of amber. Sir John Lubbock considers that these bodies belonged to the close of the bronze period. Bodies wrapped in woollen cloth have also been found in Britain, as at Scale House barrow, near Rylston, in Yorkshire. It is, however, worthy of remark that it is only in the exceptional cases in which the body is turned into adipocere (an unctuous waxy substance) that woollen cloth is found; in normal circumstances that fabric would disappear far more rapidly than linen.

The bronze remains found in the Rhone Valley prove that the art of metal-working, once acquired, was carried by these early races to great perfection. They were acquainted with the processes of casting, tempering, stamping, and engraving metal. With this discovery of a new art came a simultaneous improvement in the potter's craft; the rude cups of the Neolithic age disappear, and are succeeded by vessels of an endless variety of form and ornamentation, some of which are extremely beautiful. Some of the vases are inlaid with tin, others are marked with the same patterns employed to decorate the Etruscan vases of Italy, while others, found in the pile-dwellings of the lake of Bourget, have representations of men and animals. The collections of bronze jewelry are also abundant and curious. They consist of bracelets, armlets, long hair-pins with decorated heads, rings, ear-rings, girdles adorned with pendants, brooches, buttons, studs, and torques for the neck. War being in these early days as common as it appears to be in more modern times, we find well-stored armories, comprising battle-axes, arrows, and clubs, lances and short swords, as also helmets and shields of thin plates of hammered bronze. Their graves resemble those of their Neolithic predecessors, with one important difference—dead bodies were burned, as a rule, instead of buried, the ashes, inclosed in urns, being placed in the tombs.

In the lake-dwellings of Eastern Switzerland the implements found are of bone and stone; but in those of Western Switzerland there are rich accumulations of bronze implements and utensils; while in the upper layers of débris iron begins to appear, showing how in its turn the bronze was supplanted by a metal still more universally useful, and destined to be the type of a grand era of enlightenment and progress. Almost as interesting and instructive as the lake-dwellings of Switzerland are the Danish kitchen-middens, or shell mounds—refuse heaps which have accumulated round the tents or huts of the primitive population. Many of these have been examined, and rude flasks, sling-stones, axes, flint fragments, and the bones of various animals have been obtained from them.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE opening of a new decade, with 1880, turns the thoughts to the remarkable events of the past ten years, a detailed mention of which would make, not paragraphs merely, but volumes. With the loss of the *Borussia* and the disaster on the bridge over the Firth of Tay fresh in mind, other terrible calamities of the decade just closed are quickly recalled. Hundreds of lives were lost with the steamers *Atlantic* and *Ville du Havre* in 1873, and then many hundreds more with the *Metropolis*, the *Huron*, the *Princess Alice*, the *Byzantium*, the training-ship *Eurydice*, the *Pommerania*, the Austrian steam-ship *Sphinx* (which was burned in the Adriatic), and with many other vessels, small and large, which have met a disastrous fate on the high seas. Among strange and terrible calamities were the awful cyclone, which in 1876 swept over Eastern Bengal, submerging three islands, and destroying, it is believed, about 250,000 human beings; the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre; an earthquake in Asia Minor, which killed 2000 people; a fire in Tien-tsin, China, in which 3000 lives were sacrificed; colliery explosion at Haydock, England, 200 lives lost; the dreadful famine in China; the havoc made by yellow fever in 1878. But this list might be almost indefinitely extended, for the Ashtabula disaster, the great Boston fire, the dreadful colliery explosion at Abercarne, the terrific explosion of flour mills at Minneapolis, Minnesota, the destructive tornado at Wallingford, Connecticut, the New England freshets, the inundation at Szegedin, Hungary, by which 2000 or 3000 lives were lost, by no means exhaust the number of calamities which rise in the retrospect. It is pleasanter to turn to notable works achieved and improvements wrought which will have a lasting influence on commerce, education, and the general prosperity of the people of this and other countries: the opening of the Hoosac and Mont Cenis tunnels; the increased number of ocean telegraphs; the invention of the telephone; Japan opened to commerce; the exposure and breaking up of the "Tweed Ring"; the education of Chinese youths in the United States and England; the inventions connected with the electric light; the great improvement in educational institutions, especially the changes which give to women facilities for higher education; the resumption of specie payments in our country; the refunding of a large share of the public indebtedness; the development of home industries; and recently the general revival of business—all these, and numerous other events, indicate the progress made during the past ten years. There have been wars and rumors of war abroad; but with the exception of the contests with the Indians, we have been at peace, although the uprising of working-men in the summer of 1877 might easily have ended seriously but for the prompt action of civil and military authorities.

In the records of the past decade is a long list of eminent persons who have died, leaving to the world the legacy of noble thoughts, good deeds, and pure lives. The memory of these, and the wide-spread influence they exerted, will long remain to remind us that "we may make our lives sublime."

On January 1, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps inaugurated in person, at Panama, the work of a definite survey for a sea-level canal. The ceremonies took place on a steamer at the mouth of the Rio Grande, which is about a mile from Panama. Functionaries of the Panama and Colombian governments were present, and also members of the Technical Committee, the latter taking an active part in the proceedings, which were noted with interest by numerous spectators. The following evening the city of Panama was brilliantly illuminated in honor of M. De Lesseps, the old Spanish buildings having been profusely decorated with flags early in the day, when a grand military display was held. The final survey has been placed in charge of five engineers, who will complete their work during January, it is said, when excavations will commence.

Mudie's circulating library in London has an almost world-wide fame, and has an enormous list of subscribers in that metropolis. But now there is some prospect of an opposition, to be called the "Grosvenor Library." It will be established near the Grosvenor Gallery, and will contain reading-rooms and various other accommodations for subscribers. Another great circulating library can certainly find room in London. When a popular book is issued, Mudie alone takes from one to two thousand copies, and after his subscribers have read them they are sent to libraries in smaller towns.

Early in February the works of the late William M. Hunt which belong to his estate will be sold in Boston.

The prize of twelve thousand francs offered at Turin for discoveries in the physiology of plants has been won by Charles Darwin.

The arrival of President Prado, of Peru, in this city, and the announcement by cable that the President of Bolivia had been deposed, were events which occurred almost simultaneously. Since his departure from Lima—an event which would appear to have been thought politic by President Prado himself at the time—General Pierola has been made Dictator, after a fierce revolution. The failure of the allied republics in the war with Chili is doubtless the cause of the deposition of the Presidents of Peru and Bolivia.

Farmers, as a class, certainly ought to be encouraged by the fact that, according to an estimate made by the statistician of the Agricultural Department, the staple crops of the past year are worth about $416,000,000 more than those of the previous year. This estimate was not made upon the quoted market prices, but upon the actual value to producers.

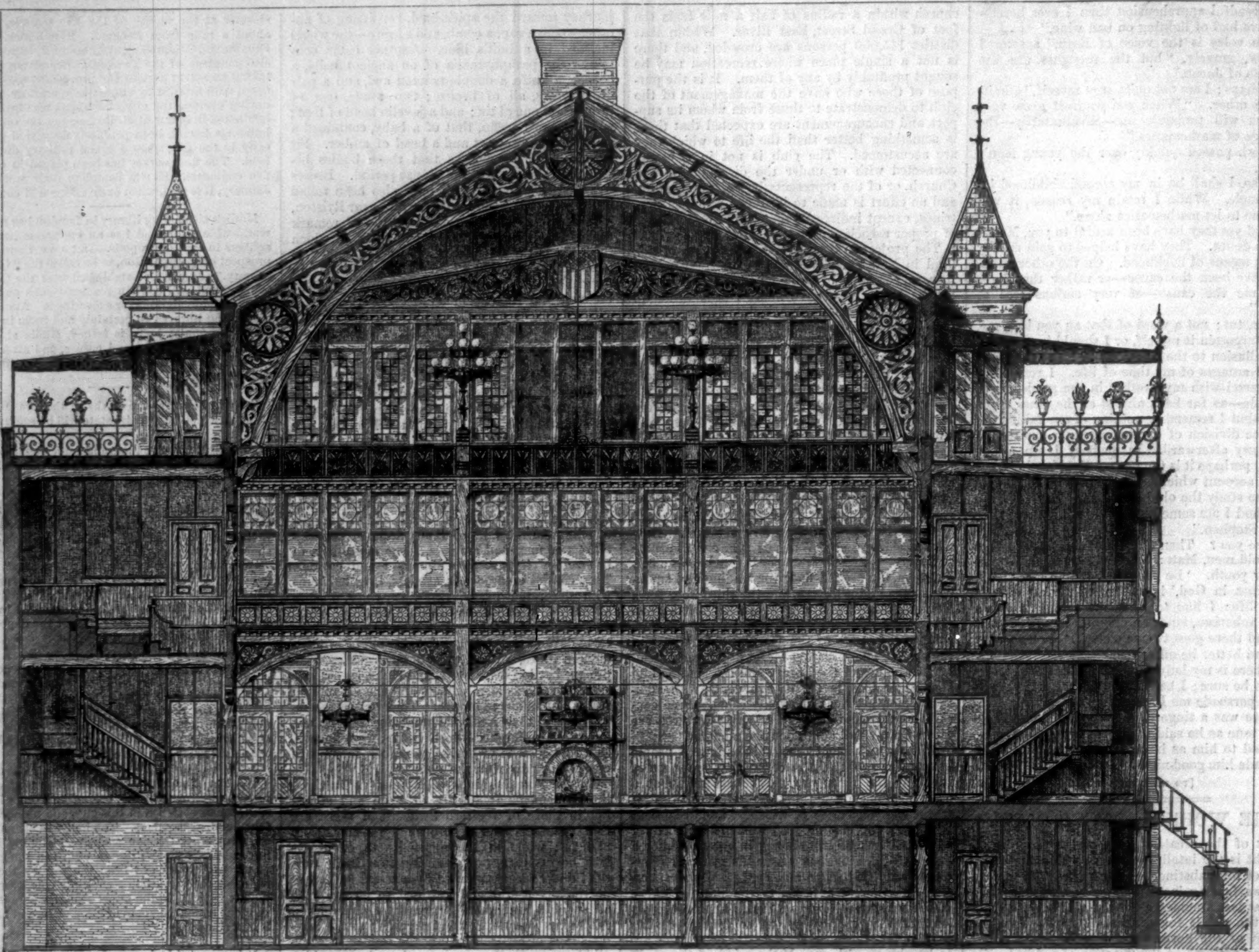
The New York Turnverein, to which the Turn Hall, recently destroyed by fire, belonged, is one of the oldest German societies in this city, and numbers about four hundred members. The hall was also a popular resort of other German societies. The old bell that has rung over many jovial meetings in the great hall was a trophy brought from the war by the Turner regiment, the Twentieth New York Volunteers. They took it from Hampton Court House, where it used to ring out announcements of slave sales, and have kept it ever since.

It is expected by lovers of the game of chess that a more extended taste for this recreation will be cultivated by the tournaments of the Fifth American Chess Congress, in session at this writing, and that a foundation will be laid for an international chess tournament in 1883, if the proposed World's Fair is then held in this city.

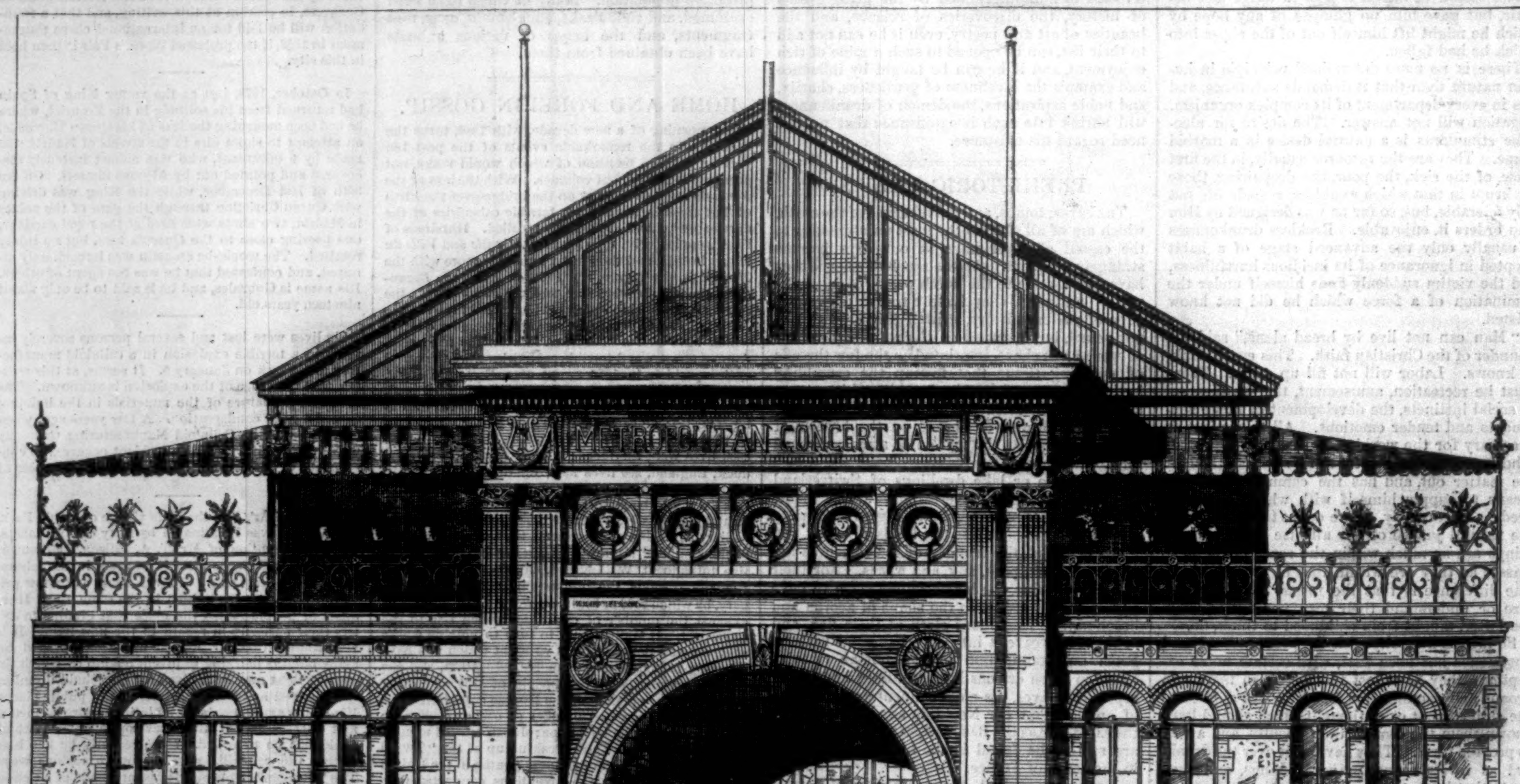
In October, 1878, just as the young King of Spain had returned from his solitude in the Escurial, where he had been mourning the loss of his Queen Mercedes, an attempt to shoot him in the streets of Madrid was made by a miscreant, who was almost instantly discovered and pointed out by Alfonso himself. On the 30th of last December, while the King was driving with Queen Christine through the gate of the palace in Madrid, two shots were fired at the royal carriage, one passing close to the Queen's face, but no injury resulted. The would-be assassin was immediately arrested, and confessed that he was the agent of others. His name is Gonzales, and he is said to be only about nineteen years old.

Six lives were lost and several persons severely injured by a terrible explosion in a celluloid manufactory in Newark on January 5. It seems, at this writing, that the cause of the explosion is unknown. The inflammable nature of the materials in the building caused a great conflagration. A few years ago, when the works of the Celluloid Manufacturing Company were in this city, a similar accident occurred in consequence of the overheating of celluloid in process of manufacture.

On New-Year's Eve the little village of Menlo Park, New Jersey, was illuminated by forty electric lamps, the new invention of Mr. T. A. Edison. Moreover, there were numerous electric burners in the laboratory and machine shops of Mr. Edison, and a few private dwellings were lighted in the same way. Hundreds of people visited the place that evening to satisfy their curiosity in regard to the new light. It is well known that Mr. Edison has been engaged for many months in trying to invent a lamp by which the electric light may be utilized for household illumination, as well as be more serviceable in public places. His earlier experiments with platinum wire seemed at first successful, but time developed defects which could not be remedied. More recently he has been testing the capabilities of carbon in various ways. The "burners" of his new lamps are made of a slender thread of carbonized paper or Bristol-board. One of these burners is inclosed between two platinum wires in a glass globe or tube, in which the most perfect vacuum now possible has been produced, and perfectly sealed to exclude the air; and this is the electric lamp which is now attracting so much attention at Menlo Park. It is said that the number of lamps will soon be increased to eight hundred. They are being thoroughly tested, and, not unlikely, defects may be developed. The principle upon which they are constructed is not new; but hitherto inventors have not succeeded, apparently, in obtaining so perfect a vacuum in lamps as has Mr. Edison—a vacuum being essential to prevent the combustion of the carbon. Another inventor in the same field, Mr. W. E. Sawyer, of this city, has invented a lamp which he says will burn five hundred hours. Time will reveal the practical utility of the new electric lamp. Mr. Edison himself, and many scientific men, are confident of ultimate and perfect success in electric illumination; and although there is much skepticism in regard to the entire and correct solution of this intricate problem, it certainly seems not unlikely that science and inventive genius will finally surmount all difficulties.



METROPOLITAN CONCERT HALL, NEW YORK—INTERIOR SECTION.—[SEE PAGE 61.]



METROPOLITAN CONCERT HALL, NEW YORK—EXTERIOR VIEW.—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWINGS.—[SEE PAGE 61.]

BISHOP HAVEN.

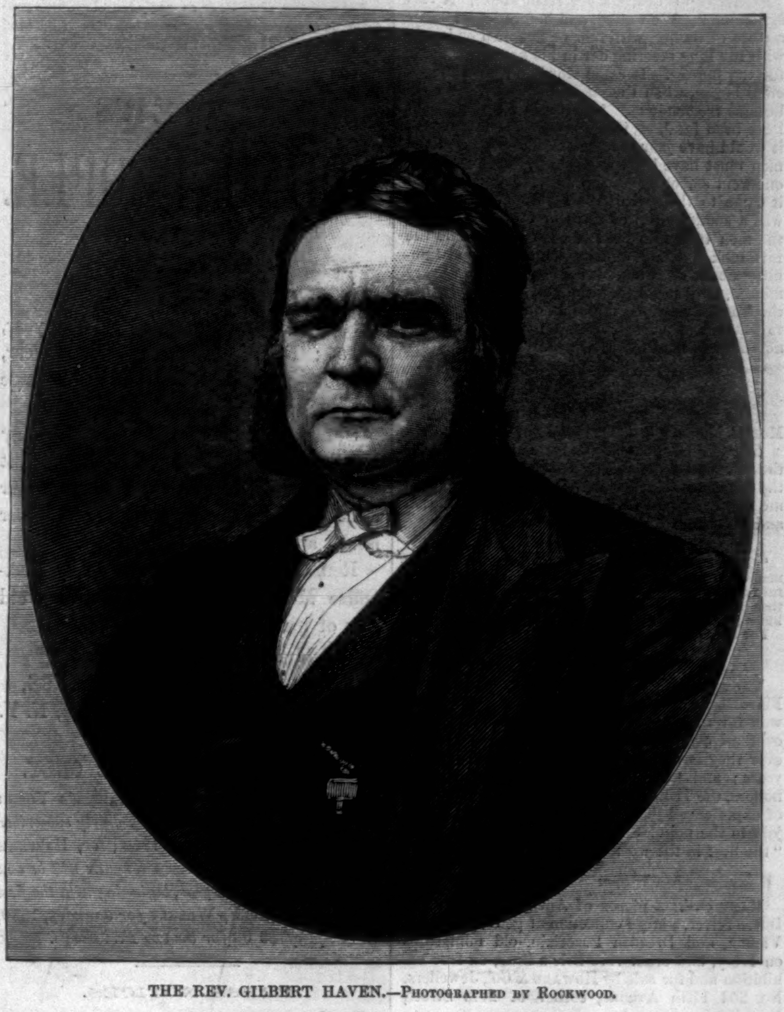
THE Rev. GILBERT HAVEN, one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at his home, in Malden, Massachusetts, on Saturday, January 3. He contracted malarial disease on the west coast of Africa several years ago, and never recovered from its effects. Bishop HAVEN was a native of Boston, and was born September 19, 1821. He entered the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, in 1842, and graduated in 1846. After graduating, he was for several years Principal of Amenia Seminary, in this State. In 1851 he joined the New England Methodist Conference, and occupied for a series of years some of its most important pulpits. Being an ardent abolitionist, he was aflame with the fire of patriotism when the war broke out in 1861, offered himself as chaplain of the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment, and was appointed to the position. He saw much service in Virginia, where the regiment was principally engaged. From 1865 to 1867 he had the supervision of the freedmen in Mississippi. His conception of the future destiny of the Southern negroes was of the most sanguine character. He proclaimed the certainty of their rise to the highest civilization with the fervor of a prophet, and identified himself with them, as they struggled upward, in every possible way.

Being well known as a brilliant writer, Mr. HAVEN came by common consent to the editorship of *Zion's Herald*, in 1867, as the successor to his cousin, Dr. E. O. HAVEN, now President of Syracuse University. This paper is the oldest in the Methodist Episcopal Church, has had among its editors the Rev. Dr. ABEL STEVENS, the well-known historian, and has always been conducted with unusual ability. Mr. HAVEN signalized his editorial term by his ardent advocacy of lay delegation in the Church, and his views in relation to the treatment of our Southern problem. If his opinions were considered by some to be extreme, they were known to be sincere, and were always defended with unfailing vivacity and good humor. An optimist by temperament, Mr. HAVEN never saw the impracticable—did not, indeed, know the meaning of the word; his visions of the future were smiling and sunny, and of their realization he never had a doubt. He was an advanced thinker, but his thinking was usually in the line of right progress. The difference between him and more practical men was that he did not conceive the right to be at any moment impossible of attainment.

While editor, Mr. HAVEN had a large share in the founding of Boston University. This institution is now organized, and though not in the full enjoyment of its endowment, is doing successful work. In 1872 he was elected by the General Conference (which sat that year in Brooklyn) one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His election was due largely to his personal popularity in New England. His genial temper, his good-fellowship, had made for him troops of friends. He went everywhere by the name of "GIL" HAVEN, and even after his election to the episcopal office this *prænomen* still clung to him. The high dignity of his position made no change in his outer characteristics. He was still the same impressible person. To official reserve he made no pretensions, but proved himself withal a capable and indefatigable administrator. Atlanta was assigned to him as his official home. All through the South he sought to awaken in the freedmen a sense of their manhood, and won their confidence and love to an unprecedented degree.

In the distribution of episcopal work a few years ago, the task was assigned Bishop HAVEN of visiting the Methodist missions in Liberia, on the west coast of Africa. It was a perilous venture, for the coast is extremely unhealthy. He spent several weeks in Monrovia, the Liberian capital, and on the shores of St. Paul River, and came back apparently well, but ever since his body has been held fast in the deadly grip of the African fever. At times better, and at other times worse, his condition was a cause of serious alarm to his friends. After making a brave fight for life, he succumbed at last.

Bishop HAVEN was a constant writer for the press. In 1864 he published the *Pilgrim's Wallet*, a book of European travel; in 1869, *National Sermons*; in 1875, *Our Nearest Neighbor*, a volume descriptive of Mexico. He was also author of a *Life of Father Taylor*, the seamen's preacher, of Boston, and of numerous articles in the *Methodist* and other reviews.



THE REV. GILBERT HAVEN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.

A NEW MUSIC HALL FOR NEW YORK.

FOR many years a need has been felt here for some establishment different from anything that we have in the city, which should combine the features of a concert hall, café, first-class restaurant, and ball-room under the same roof, without their interfering with one another.

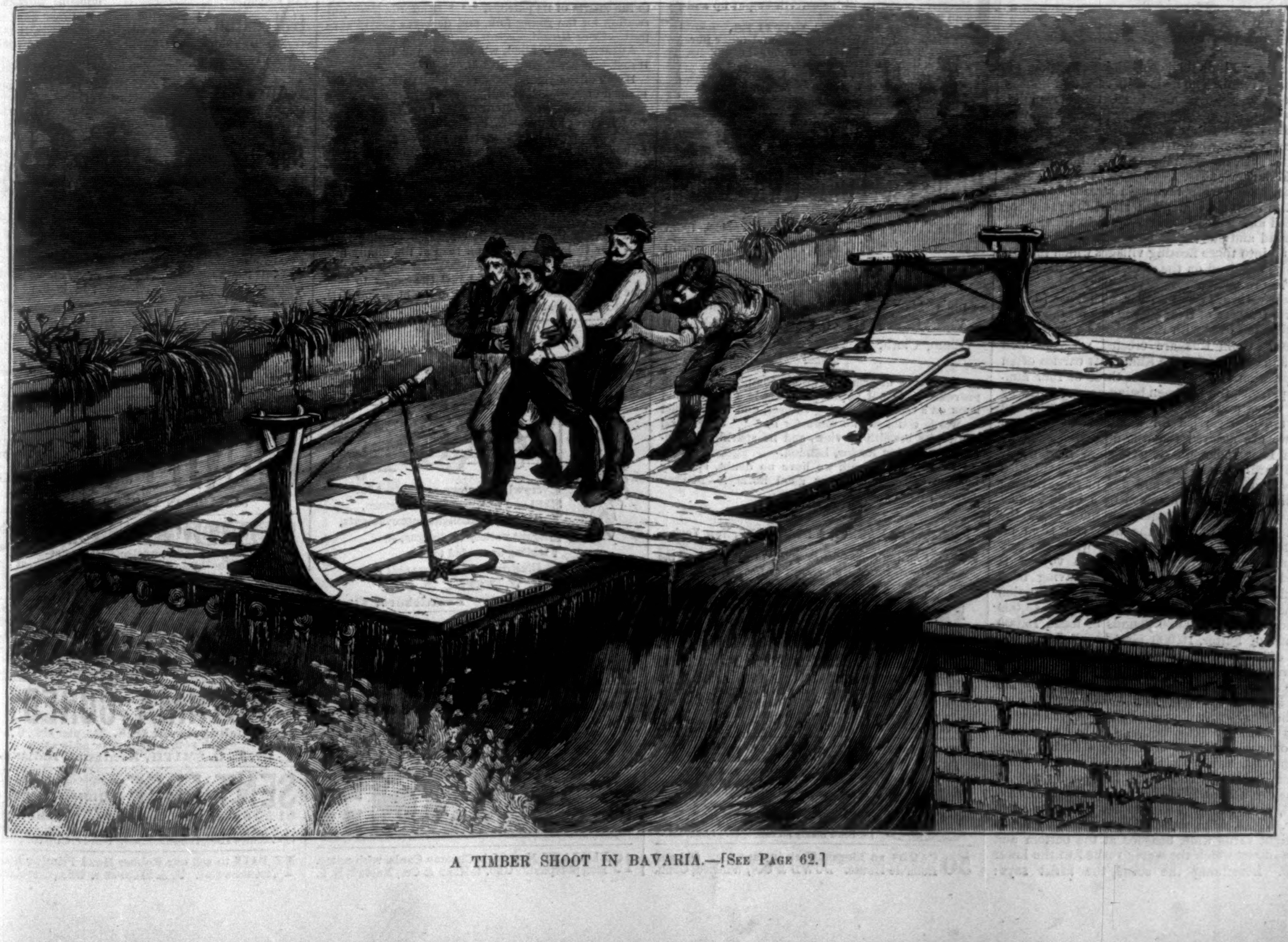
The work of forming a company and erecting a suitable building for this purpose was taken in hand with great energy about a year ago by Mr. Rudolph Aronson, who, it will be remembered, conducted a number of popular concerts at Gilmore's Garden, and in February last the Metropolitan Concert Company, Limited, was incorporated, with a capital of $100,000.

The directors of the company are James P. Lowrey, Adolph Hallgarten, Charles Renauld, George W. Dillaway, Rudolph Aronson, John E. Brooks, and William Perzél.

After mature deliberation and examination of every site in the city that seemed at all available for the purpose, the lot lying on the south side of Forty-first Street, and running from Broadway to Seventh Avenue, was selected as being in every way the most eligible that could be found. A long lease of the property was secured, and the well-known architect George B. Post was selected to make the designs.

The building will be constructed of Philadelphia brick, stone, and iron. The entrance will be on the Broadway side, through a large round arch that runs up to the top of the second story. The basement will be occupied by a restaurant, and by the kitchen, pantries, store-rooms, and servants' offices of the establishment. On each side of the entrance, on the first floor, are parlors for ladies and gentlemen, cloak-rooms, and the offices of the manager, treasurer, directors, and other officials. The vestibule opens directly into the concert hall, which occupies nearly the whole of the first floor, and is, of course, open to the roof.

The music stand will be in the centre of the room, and facing the same there will be several rows of fixed seats. Outside of these there will be chairs and tables. The whole ground-floor is to be neatly laid out with shrubbery, plants, rare exotics, and will be made as bright and pretty as possible. There will be a promenade running round the outside of the whole hall, fifteen feet in width. At the Seventh Avenue side of the building there will be a café, buffet, and reading-room, opening directly into the concert hall through three large arches. A novel feature in the café will be an immense chimney running through the middle of the room, with a huge fire-place on each of its four sides. There are stairs at both ends of the building running up to the second story, at the Broadway end of which there is a large parlor, just over the entrance, with cloak and dressing rooms on each side. At the second story a gallery will run all around the hall, occupied by two rows of boxes, which are to be prettily furnished and upholstered. The restaurant will be on the second floor, at the Seventh Avenue end, directly over the café, and it will be separated from the hall by glass windows, which may be opened or closed at pleasure. The only part of the building carried higher than the second story is the hall proper, with its arched roof.



A TIMBER SHOOT IN BAVARIA.—[SEE PAGE 62.]

On the roof, over the boxes, there will be a broad terrace running completely round the building, opening into the hall, so that the music may be perfectly well heard. It will make a charming place to sit in summer, and it will be provided with tables, dumb-waiters, and all necessary conveniences for having refreshments served there. One of the novel features of the building will be a sliding roof of iron, constructed so that it may be removed in a few moments, leaving the concert hall perfectly open. Another peculiar feature will be that a table-d'hôte dinner will be served in the restaurant every afternoon from five till eight o'clock, and part of the band will play during this time. Mr. Rudolph Aronson will conduct the orchestra of fifty musicians, and concerts similar to those of Strauss in Vienna and Arban in Paris will be given nightly nearly all the year round. Among the gentlemen who are interested in the undertaking, and are holders of the stock, are Messrs. Henry Morgan, Theodore A. Havemeyer, Julius Hallgarten, Edward Cooper, Jesse Seligman, William R. Garrison, James E. Ward, William A. Cole, D. C. Calvin, J. N. A. Griswold, F. De Neufville, Francis A. Stout, Henry Havemeyer, G. S. Winston, James Harriman, Samuel Shethar, A. B. Stone, Algernon S. Sullivan, H. O. Havemeyer, José F. Navarro, Louis Wätjin, H. W. Mali, Grosvenor P. Lowrey, James M. Varnum, and many other distinguished citizens.

TIMBER-RAFTING IN GERMANY.

In olden times all the timber from the Black Forest of Germany was floated down the various streams into the Rhine. Now very much of it is carried over road and railway. But, fortunately for lovers of the picturesque, the old method is not wholly out of use, and rafting still forms for the stranger one of the most attractive features of the country.

The pines having been sawn off a little above the roots, are slid from the mountain or hill side where they have grown into the never-failing stream, which flows rapidly, over bowlders and amid rapids, through the valley. Here they are pierced at each end, and tied together with willow roots in rows of from four to ten, according to the width of the stream. To this roughly constructed raft a similar one is joined, also tied with willow roots. To this others are added, the foremost having a sort of rough bow made of a hollowed tree trunk, and the last section being fitted with a rudder, usually formed of a stripling pine.

The frail, extraordinary-looking craft is now launched on its rapid voyage. A man stands at the bow to steady it, the water flying up between the trees and drenching him at every yard. Another is at the helm. All along the raft men furnished with poles or oars move rapidly from section to section, guiding here, restraining there, and at times having to use all their strength to cling on, liable to be swamped at every moment, as the raft rushes madly along with the impetuous torrent, dashing over rapids, and through narrows, and over bowlders, twisting and curving as it follows the intricate windings of the stream, "like a thing of life," not precisely after the fashion in which we ordinarily apply the term, but rather in the form of a huge, black, wriggling serpent, which seems to swim rather through than upon the surface of the stream, sending a rolling wave before it, which surges up and through the tree trunks in a thousand hissing eddies.

As may well be believed, the navigation of these rafts requires no little skill, care, and knowledge of the locality; and the extreme rapidity with which they are carried over the seething water seems to the uninitiated on-looker simply a mad career toward destruction. As a matter of fact, however, the streams are so shallow that little real danger exists.

Where the narrow mountain stream flows out into the scarcely less rapid river, the rafts are widened and joined to others, until in time, when the broad and stately Rhine is reached, they are built up into those floating villages which may so often be observed on the river, some of them it is said, 700 feet long.

These rafts are very peculiar. They are formed of several layers of trees placed one on the other, and planked over with rough deal so as to form a deck. Upon this are erected various small huts and cabins; for the Rhine raft carries often a population of not less than three or four hundred persons, the boatmen being accompanied by their wives and families, while cows, fowls, and pigs are also carried for the use of the crew; and we are assured that the domestic economy of an East Indiaman or a modern man-of-war could hardly be more complete. A well-supplied boiler is at work night and day in the kitchen; the dinner hour is announced by a basket stuck on a pole, at which signal the pilot gives the word of command, and the men run from all quarters to receive their rations; while the consumption of provisions during the voyage is stated to be almost incredible, it having been calculated that, from the time of the construction of the raft until it is sold, no less than 45,000 pounds of bread, 30,000 pounds of meat, 15,000 pounds of butter, 10,000 pounds of cheese, 500 tuns of beer, 8 butts of wine, and other provisions in proportion, are disposed of. These immense rafts are navigated to Holland, where they are sold for from $100,000 to $150,000 each.

The single raft pictured by the artist on page 61 is of simpler construction, and has a steering oar on each end. It is passing a timber chute in one of the rivers in the flat parts of Bavaria. These rivers are obstructed here and there by dams to keep the waters always at a certain level, with chutes made to let the rafts pass over. This chute was 200 yards long by seven or eight yards wide, boarded at the bottom and sides, down which the water rushed to the lower level. Describing the scene, the artist says: "Presently we heard a cry from above, 'A raft is coming!' We waited, and before long we saw a mass of timber, with four or five men on it, one with the long steering oar in his hand, preparing for the plunge. It came slowly on until the incline began, when the speed increased, and soon became tremendous. An error in steering would have been fatal, as, if the raft had swung round, it would have jammed against the sides, and the men must have been washed off. However, this one went smoothly enough down the incline until it came to the end of the planking, when there was a sudden drop of three or four feet. Here the men took firm hold of each other while the raft took the leap, and went bumping and tumbling about as if it were coming to pieces every minute, until it got past the surf, and safely into the smooth water beyond. It was most exciting to watch, and must be quite an event in the monotonous lives of the raftsmen."

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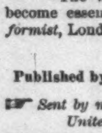
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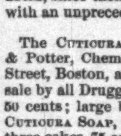
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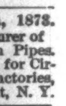
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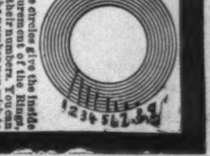

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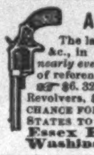

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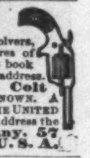

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